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# L · W · L LIFE

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### Dedication

We dedicate our book to the hills and valleys of  
California—symbol of her strength and endurance  
.. challenge and inspiration to her youth. ..



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## The Founding of the Lick School



This is the first of a series of articles that will appear in successive issues of the Life, reviewing historical events and setting forth some heretofore unpublished information regarding the founding of the Lick and Wilmerding and Lux Schools. Not only should these narratives be of interest to students and graduates of the schools, but they will also be the means of getting into permanent, printed form important information that has come to my knowledge during the thirty years since the supervision of the Lick School was entrusted to me and private correspondence that has been placed in my hands from time to time by early trustees of the schools and others, now deceased.

On September 21, 1875, James Lick executed his now famous deed of trust by which he conveyed to certain trustees a large amount of property for various purposes of public benefit, of which the California School of Mechanical Arts was one. The clause with reference to the school prescribed the name for it and its character, named as its first trustees Dr. J. B. D. Stillman, Horace Davis, A. S. Hallidie, John Oscar Eldridge, John O. Earl and Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, and required them to organize as a corporation. This board of trustees was for the school only and was entirely apart from the trustees to whom the settlement of James Lick's estate was entrusted.

The execution of that portion relating to the schools was delayed by prolonged litigation, to determine whether the school should receive interest on its endowment from the time when the estate had money with which to pay it. The case was appealed to the supreme court several times, and was finally decided adversely to the school. The school was forced to accept the sum of \$540,000, as provided in the deed of trust, and the residuary legatees — the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers — received the interest on that amount for a period of about fifteen years.

For these reasons it was not until January 3, 1895, that the buildings were completed and the school established. Meanwhile the old constitution of California was replaced by a new one, in 1879, and under the new constitution the trustees of the school found it necessary to abandon the proceedings for incorporating the school, which they had formulated soon after Mr. Lick's death, and make a fresh start. Some of the correspondence between the individual trustees in connection with this re-incorporation of the school is now in our possession, and included in it is a letter revealing the name of the person who suggested to James Lick the idea of founding a school of mechanical arts. This letter will be printed in the next article of this series.



# Faculties

GEORGE A. MERRILL, B. S. .... *Director*

## LICK

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 CLARA BOEKE, Ph. B., M. A. .... *English and Latin*  
 STELLA BOULWARE, A. B. .... *Freehand Drawing*  
 RALPH H. BRITTON, A. B. .... *Physics*  
 PAUL N. CHENOWETH ..... *Machine Shop*  
 GRACE MENG, A. B. .... *English and Latin*  
 SIDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B. S. .... *Chemistry*  
 ANETTA WANSCH, A. B., M. A. .... *Algebra*  
 AIDA B. PATTERSON ..... *Recorder*

## WILMERDING

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 E. R. BOOKER, A. B. .... *Geometry*  
 LESTER S. HOLMES ..... *Cabinet Making*  
 FRED H. MIGHALL ..... *Stonework*  
 F. E. PEIFER ..... *Auto Mechanics*  
 GEORGE F. WOOD ..... *Plumbing*  
 EVELYN M. WOODLAND, B. L., M. L. .... *History and English*  
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 ALMA BOEKE, Ph. B. .... *English, Typing, Store Accounts and Economics*  
 MILDRED N. CARROLL ..... *Health and Hygiene*  
 ALTA M. CLARK, B. S. .... *Science and Mathematics*  
 MARY L. CRITTENDEN ..... *Dressmaking*  
 VIVIAN M. ELLSWORTH, A. B., M. A. .... *Chemistry*  
 CLARA L. FASSETT ..... *Interior Decorating and Furnishing, Commercial Art*  
 MARY A. FRASER, A. B. .... *Co-ordinator, Merchandising and Salesmanship*  
 MARY ELEANOR HUGHES ..... *Drawing and Commercial Art*  
 AMY ISABEL ARMITSTEAD, B. S. .... *Cooking*  
 ELEANOR J. JONES ..... *Sewing, Costume Design*  
 AUDREY V. MIGUEL ..... *Millinery*  
 EVELYN M. SINCLAIR, B. A. .... *English*  
 GERTA L. WOODRUFF ..... *Institutional Management*  
 MARTHA G. WICKERSHAM ..... *Recorder*

# The LWL Alumni Association

GEORGE F. CARNEY, *President*



Welcome to the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni, members of the graduating class of 1927J! The association is both proud and glad to receive you as members, and we sincerely hope that you will support the activities of the Alumni as well as you have supported your school and class activities during the last four years.

When the long awaited graduation day arrives, it brings with it as much sorrow as it does joy. The school friends and associates that have been meeting almost daily for four years are suddenly separated and scattered along the many paths of life. There is only one connecting link between their school life and later life, and that is the Alumni

Association, whose board of directors is always striving to plan events that will carry on the old school spirit and bring together the graduates of the various years.

The association has been very active in social life since the first of the year. In February, a Valentine dance was held at the Sorosis Club. The hall was artistically decorated in keeping with the day, and all who attended the dance enjoyed it very much.

On March 17, at the same hall, a one-act play, "Flowers for Flossie", was presented by members of the Alumni. It was very well received. A dance followed the play. During the evening St. Patrick's hats and balloons were distributed among the dancers. Some of the hats were extremely becoming, I can assure you.

On May 1 we fared forth into the green fields. We held an auto picnic at Searsville Lake, one of the prettiest auto parks on the Peninsula. While the older members enjoyed the beautiful scenery, the youngsters (?) enjoyed a baseball game. I wonder how many sore muscles and stiff joints there were next day?

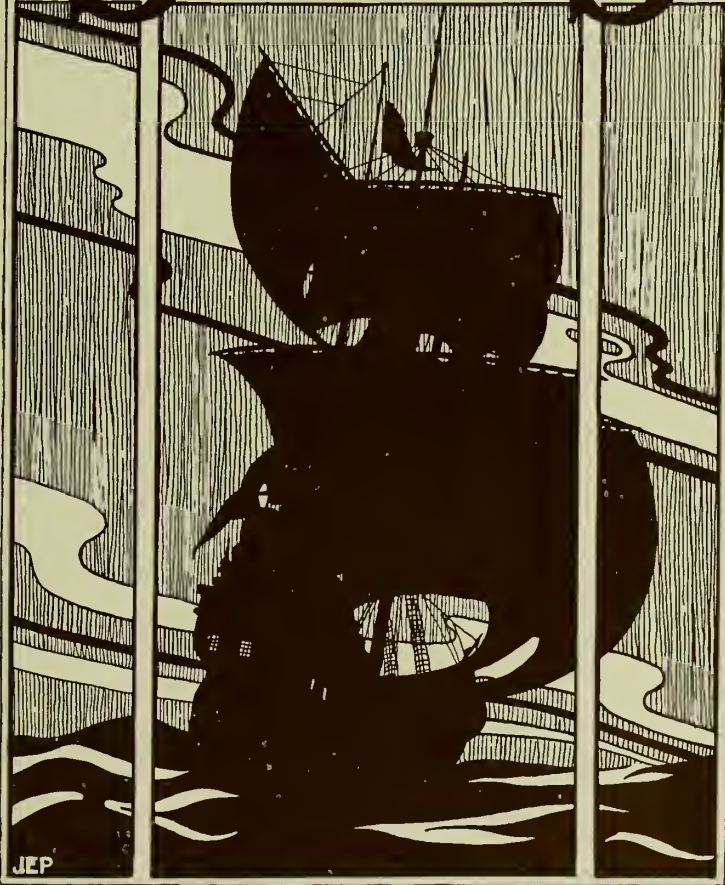
On May 20, at the California Club Hall, we held our annual business meeting and initiation. On this eventful evening the members of the 1927J class became full-fledged members of the LWL Alumni Association.

The activities of the Alumni have been not only along social lines. Once a month a member of the association addresses the seniors of Lick and Wilmerding on some subject that is particularly interesting to these students.

For the first time in the history of the LWL Alumni Association, the board of directors has decided to confer on a member of the graduating class a scholarship award. It is to be in the form of a ring, bearing the Alumni emblem. This award will be presented each year by the Alumni to the student having the highest academic record at the time of graduation.

After having served as president of the Alumni Association for two years, I now go out of office. To my successor I offer my best wishes for a successful term. If he receives as much assistance from the board of directors and from the members of the association as I did, I know his tasks will be lightened and will be a source of delight to him.

# SENIORS



JEP



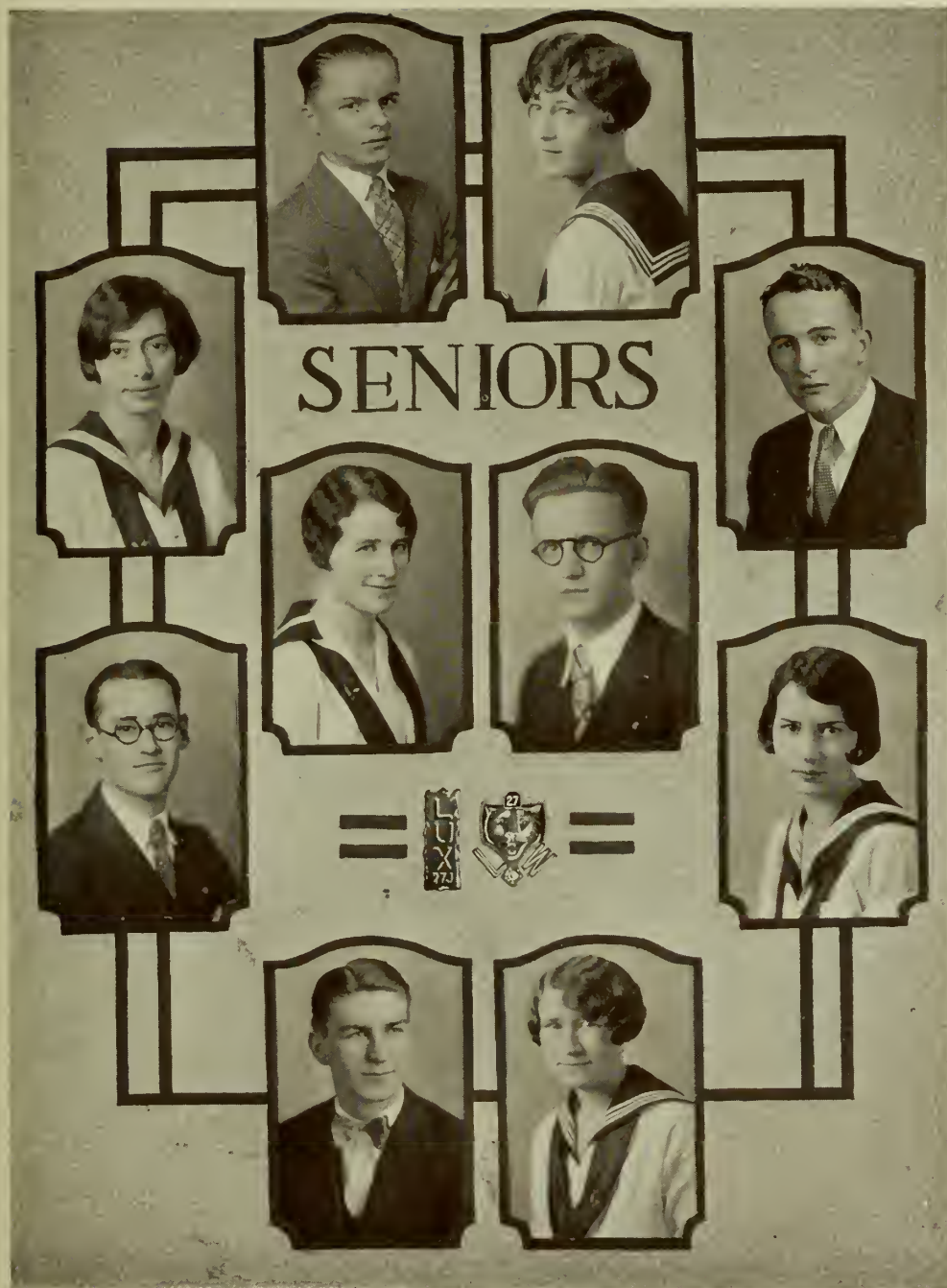
GRACE HAUPTLI  
THEODORE DANIEL

RANDALL TEMBY  
ANNA SAMBRAILO  
HARRY CRONIN

LOIS DETJEN  
ALFRED RODGERS  
DOROTHY NOCE

PETER SANTINA  
CLARA HOADLEY



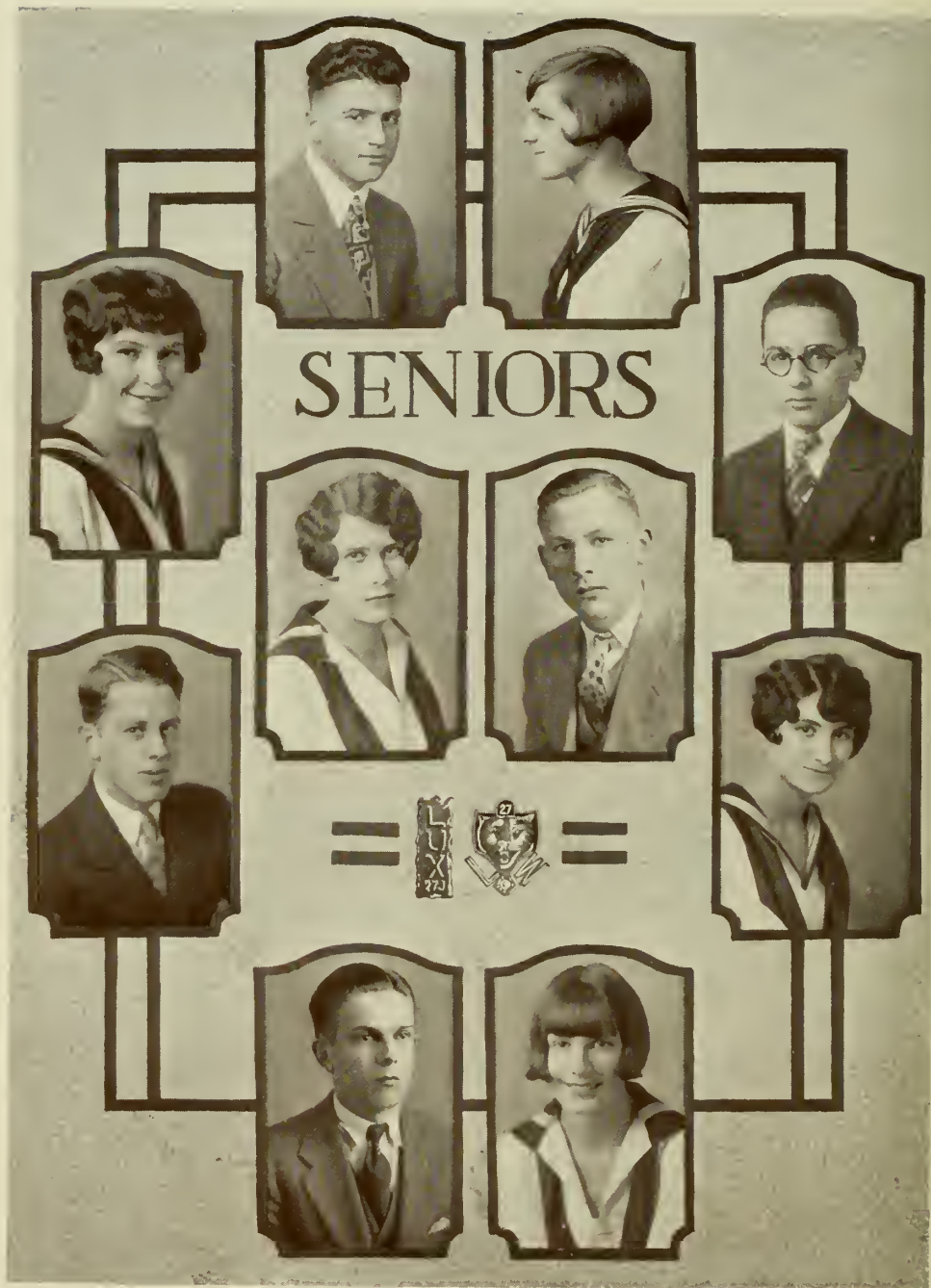


JULA SAMUELY  
RAYMOND SHAPRO

WALTER WECK  
FRANCES LEWIS  
ELMO COPE

LILLIAN HEINRICH  
NATHANIEL WEST  
HELEN NORTON

CAMERON MC KAY  
JULIA CARLSON



CATHERINE MAIAN  
EVERETT APPLETON

NICK FEDELI  
FLORENCE PETERSEN  
PHILIP DAVER

DOROTHY AUSTIN  
NORBERT CURRIE  
CECELIA DETTMER

ROBERT AARON  
EVELYN ARATO



MILDRED WICKBOM	JOHN MC CAULEY	CATHERINE FRATESSA	EUGENE HAAS
BLAIR RIXON	ELEANOR METHMAN	JACK REID	MARIAN SATHRE
FRED SCHREIBER	PAULA ARON		WALTER SMITH



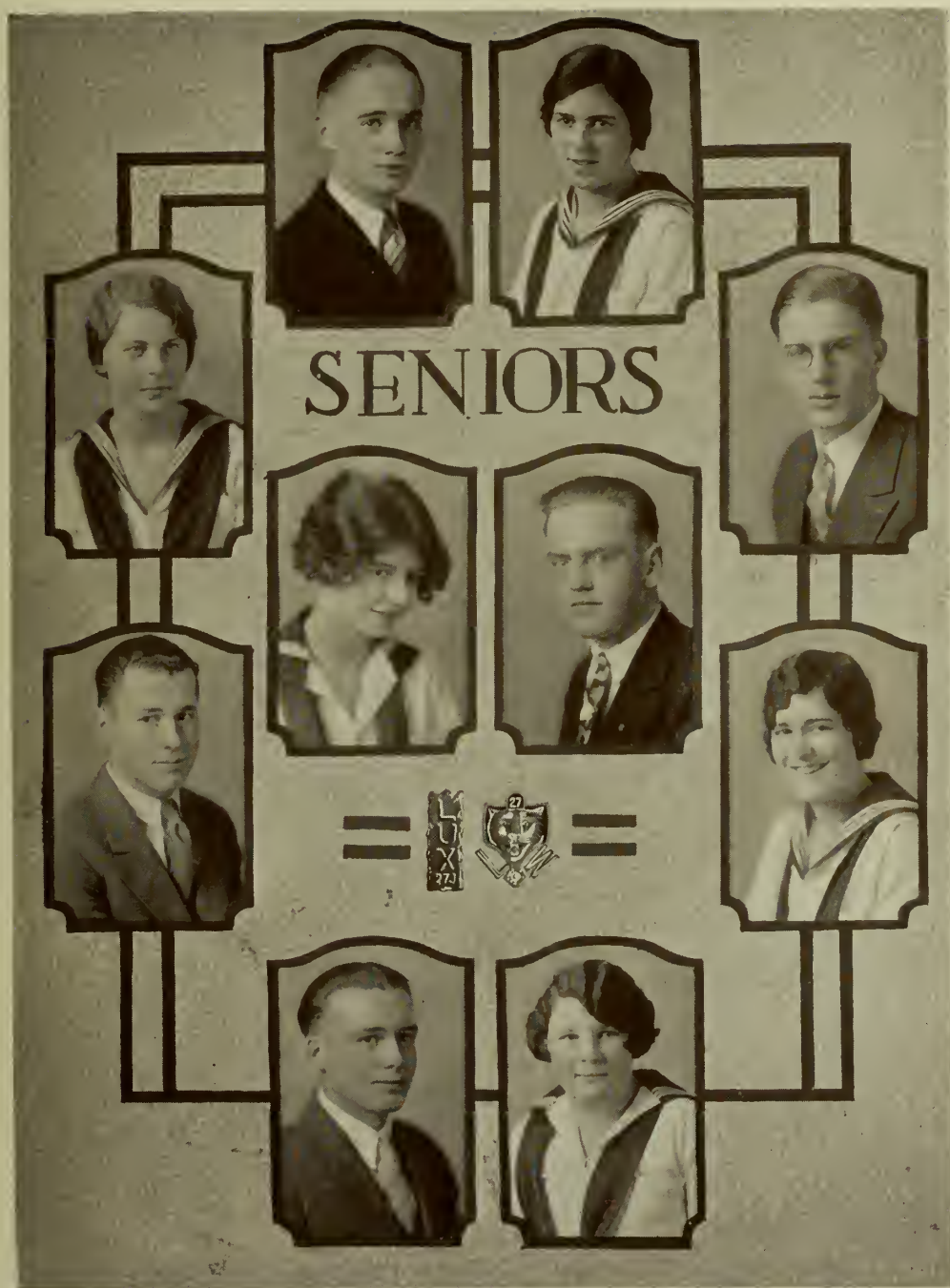


CLAIRE COOK  
ELMER LAMBERT  
PERRY WOOD

MELBOURNE BYNON  
ESTHER KELLY  
MARTHA SAUER

ROSEMOND THORUP  
THOMAS BASS

OSCAR HARTWIG  
SARA ADDLEMAN  
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HELENA BENEKE  
HARRY NICHOLS

MORTEN HOCKER  
JUANITA BOLLENBACH  
ROY LEU

NORMA LASTRUCCI  
JOHN PETERSON  
ALICE MATTHEWS

ALBERT BORGWARDT  
LILLIAN MALLON

## Senior Memories

While the embers still are glowing  
And the flame is fading fast,  
And we're pals all reminiscing,  
Of the happy four years past,  
Though the memories are happy  
We are just a little sad  
To think so soon of parting  
From the jolly times we've had.  
From the freshman year we started  
Geared in low for quite a time,  
And our speed we've slowly gathered  
On the steady uphill climb.  
We were surely frisky freshmen  
With our studies just begun,  
We were entertained at parties  
'Till we had our fill of fun.  
Another year rolled by so fast  
We shifted gears once more.  
Now into second — we became  
The mighty sophomore.  
This year is crowned with memories  
Of hundreds of events.  
'Twas now that our class members  
Were made club presidents.  
And also now the banner  
It is our pride to say,  
Bore the white and gold inscription,  
"Lux Spirit — 27 J".  
At Lick our athletes were all strong,  
Invading first string teams,  
And interclass championships  
Were no longer hazy dreams.  
'Twas here we shifted into high  
From merriment and game —  
A picnic held, debates were won  
And we hope a little fame.  
And now that we are seniors  
We wish we could reverse  
And turn once more to start  
At the beginning of the verse.  
A senior dance, a journal out,  
We've stripped the gears of pleasure,  
But the spirit of the Tiger  
Is ours always to treasure.





## Deep Water

J. McDONALD, 29x.



ROD HARVEY was not exactly afraid of the water, but he was never the first to plunge into the tank at Rockliffe High. In fact, the only reason that he swam at all was that his "gym" course called for it. His father wanted him to swim.

He was a clean fellow and well liked by his schoolmates. He made good grades in all his studies; on the field he excelled in football and baseball; and every season found him out for track. Yet in spite of all this, Rod found himself at the end of his seventeenth year unable to conquer his fear of deep water. Perhaps it was because swimming had been forced upon him all his life. Perhaps his unsuspecting father had been the cause when he had taken the three-year-old Rod out into ten feet of water and tried to teach him to swim. Perhaps it was developed when, during the war, Rod's uncle, Captain Charles Harvey, had gone down with his ship, locked in his chartroom by doors blocked and jammed with debris resulting from the explosion of a German torpedo in the engine-rooms. Rod had lived over in his mind the battle that his uncle must have fought against death. At night sometimes he could almost feel the water rising about him and the lung-bursting pressure slowly crushing out his life. He would become so dizzy that he found himself sweating and gasping for breath. These nightmares were growing less and less frequent, and Rod believed that he was getting over his fear.

It was the summer vacation before his senior year that Rod, at his father's wish, shipped on a freighter as an ordinary seaman. When the trip was first suggested, Rod considered it a joke, but when his father again voiced his desire that his son should love the sea as Captain Harvey had, he agreed to make the voyage. He passed his lifeboat test and was signed on to the *Charles Collier*, a freighter bound from Seattle to Manila by way of Honolulu. He would be back in time for the beginning of the school term.

When he went aboard the *Collier*, Rod found Captain Yardley to be a member of the modern school of sea captains. He was businesslike and efficient, valuing above all his record for fast trips.

On the first night out, Rod thought that he had never known before what home meant. But the next day, after a brief period of loneliness and homesickness, he began to mix with the rest of the crew, with whom he shared the fo'c'sle. He found that they were all experienced seamen, friendly and willing to help him.

Rod's first task was to scrape and paint an iron pipe railing on the aft deck. The scraping was difficult till he caught the knack of it; but with a few words of encouragement and instruction from one of his new friends, he progressed rapidly. When he began to paint the railing, it was nearly noon and the sun was very hot. He straightened up to ease his back from the cramped position over the railing, and dropped the brush. Appalled, he saw it land directly upon the august countenance of Captain Yardley on the deck below.

From that time on, Rod saw that the Captain kept an eye on him wherever he was working, and was always ready to find the slightest fault in his work.

For the first two weeks Rod had trouble with sunburn and blisters, and lost several pounds in weight. Then he began to tan; his hands hardened, and he looked forward to every meal.

On the return trip, the *Charles Collier* early encountered advance signs of a storm. All hatches were closed and battened down, and everything movable was secured. The storm broke about one o'clock in the morning, during Rod's watch on deck. The ship's bow was kept straight into the head of the wind by double steersmen. All hands were warned to be ready for emergencies.

When Rod went off duty, he decided to go below and try to sleep for a little while. He passed Captain Yardley, who was taking advantage of a slight and momentary lull to try to get to the wheelhouse. Part of the wireless antenna broke loose from the mast. Rod tried to cry out a warning, but a piece of the cross-staff struck the captain just behind the ear, and he fell.

The ship lurched. A great comber curled over the side and swept everything loose before it. Rod was hurled down on the deck. He clutched frantically at the railing, but was unable to get a hold on it. As the water carried him over the side, he caught a glimpse of the unconscious captain being swept over, too. He struggled toward him. They came together in the trough of a wave and Rod secured a hold on the captain's coat.

No one had seen the accident, and every time Rod tried to raise his voice to call for help, he received a gulping mouthful of salt water. The captain was beginning to regain consciousness, and was instinctively struggling against Rod's grasp. For the first time since the comber had washed him overboard, Rod felt fear of what might soon be his fate. The old pictures of his uncle's battle against death came to his mind, and he cried out desperately.

Captain Yardley threw his arm around Rod's neck and pulled him down. Rod struggled violently against the drowning man's grip and succeeded in freeing himself from it. He was numb with cold and was becoming dizzy, but he could not let the helpless captain drown on the chance of saving himself. He trod water energetically and tried to locate the ship.

Rod was rapidly becoming exhausted, and the extra load that he was sustaining made it all the harder for him to keep up. For a brief instant he remembered the pride that was in his father's face whenever he spoke of Captain Charles Harvey. Rod realized then what it would mean to his father to have a son who could and would fight. With new strength he struck out toward the *Charles Collier*. Presently he heard a shout. One of the ship's lifeboats was bearing down on him.


The next thing he knew was a feeling that something hard and gritty was tearing his chest apart. He opened his eyes, and found himself lying on the bottom of the boat, being rubbed and pounded briskly to bring him back to consciousness.

Rod, forgetting his pain, smiled and sighed feebly in deep relief. He had fought and conquered his fear of deep water.



## Romancing in San Francisco Book Shops

JULA SAMUELY, 27J.

HE romance of San Francisco is stowed away in little nooks and corners that seem to be entirely out of place. They are dingy little old shops, most often second-hand book stores. These are the little byways that the old authors are so fond of describing. To most of us they contain a certain fascination and interest that is lacking in a large commercial establishment.

Many a time I have wandered along upper Market Street and looked in a window filled with books so dusty from long standing that I could hardly read their titles. Inside are long rows of tables piled high with books of all sorts and descriptions. The high walls are covered with closely placed book shelves. On one wall are some old classics looking as if they had had a very interesting history since they left the office of their printer. Among these are books printed as long ago as eighteen hundred, or even in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Their finger marks and torn pages enhance their value, and the notes scribbled in pencil on their margins by some fond owner are doubly interesting. On the next wall are medical and scientific books. Here also many valuable books may be discovered.

Farther out are other types of stores. In these there are sometimes long tables of lurid mystery stories and age-old sensation. Heading these are books on character reading, horoscopes, and all types of star gazing and fortune telling pamphlets. Almanacs, containing dry statistics, are almost tempting, so old and dusty do they look. In a far corner sits the old proprietor of the shop. He is a gray-headed bookworm himself, and enjoys nothing better than gloating over his treasures from above the rims of his spectacles. I do believe that every time he parts with a book he goes through all the agonies of parting with a favorite child. I noticed, however, that his favorites were not the handsome classics or the valuable scientific books, but those on the table which contains the mystery stories.

The second-hand book stores, however, are not the only interesting ones. In a little shop on Sutter Street there is a rare book room. Visitors are invited and are shown the precious volumes. Here are found first editions of Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Keats, and many famous authors.

But the most irresistible of them all is a little shop down on Mission Street. I have often thought it an injustice to humanity that the immortal Dickens is not here to make it live. On the window in worn and scratched letters is written, "Rare Books and Old Violins". The old shopkeeper and his cronies sit on disabled stools and revel in the atmosphere of romance created by the "rare" books. Old Jim plays a fiddle which he fondly believes to be many hundreds of years old. Another old man, ragged, blue-eyed and dreamy, sits fondling a battered copy of "Poems of a Sailor". It is at a time like this that one longs to be a painter, an author, or a poet, that he might immortalize these old characters.

Even if you have lived your lifetime in San Francisco, you know nothing of the real heart and soul of the city until you have discovered the romance in these dingy, dusty, charming old book shops.



# Hamlet Goes to England

K. SERKLAND, 27X.



STEALTHY figure rounded a corner of the castle, and, now looking to the rear and now to the side, made its way cautiously and rheumatically to a small side entrance. There, after another hasty glance backward, it turned to go up the stairs. Just at that moment a person in flowing robes stepped out of the door and touched the other on the shoulder.

"Why, now, Polonius," said he, "what ails thee?"

Polonius gulped nervously and pointed to the corner whence he had just come.

"He — she — they are around that corner, on the end of the battlements, talking, conversing, and holding speech with one another. Let us away before they espy us. That is, let us hie us to some place of more secure refuge."

"Well, and what is thy haste?" demanded the king, for that royal personage indeed it was. "I trust that thou has not been eavesdropping again? And from whom, in any case, should the King of Denmark and his faithful courtier flee?"

"From Hamlet, who will wax full wroth if he know I know his business," said Polonius, once more tugging at the king's robe to urge him away.

"No doubt he will," returned the king. "Is what thou knowest of any import to us?"

"Ay, forsooth. I can tell thee that will make thee leap to action like an arblast from a crossbow, like a hare released from a spring, like a drunken man who smelleth free liquor, or anything thou wilt. But first let us seek a more retired spot, for I fear that Hamlet will shortly come this way."

At this, the king, who had heretofore been only amused, assumed a half worried expression and turned to go up the stairs with Polonius, without a word.

The next morning Hamlet might have been seen walking through the gardens, with head bowed, thinking deeply. In his hand was a message from the king, informing him that the court had decided to send him to England. The reason given was "to avoid disturbances." This might be true, thought Hamlet, and then again there might be a deeper motive underlying the plan. For, though it was true that he had killed Polonius, had not Polonius needed killing? Was it not more likely that the king suspected how much he knew of his father's murder? This appeared a more logical surmise; so Hamlet resolved to watch carefully for treachery, retraced his steps to the palace, where an escort was waiting to put him aboard the ship.

Still in deep thought, he was shown to his cabin. There he remained for the rest of the day. But that evening, knowing that his companions' cabin was next to his, and that its tenants were on deck, he slipped into their room and removed their commission. When he read it, his doubts were confirmed. The missive ordered the King of England to put him to death.

Though he was startled, Hamlet's mind worked quickly. He procured writing materials and changed the order to a request for the deaths of his companions.

Just as he replaced the counterfeited document, a cry of "Pirates!" rang out along the decks. Seizing a sword, he rushed out to join the battle. As he reached

the deck a broadside roared, and a shot went whistling past his head. It carried part of the cabin away. A few minutes later the marauding vessel grappled them, and Hamlet, supposing that there would be a hand-to-hand fight, leaped over the bulwark, sword in hand. His progress was checked when his sword entered a man's chest up to the hilt, and a group of pirates surrounded him and seized him before he could withdraw it. His shipmates, instead of standing by to receive boarders, managed to cast off the grappling hooks and break away. From a little distance, her heavier guns worked havoc with the pirates, who were forced to withdraw. They bore with them Hamlet.

Seeing that he was a person of some consequence, the sailors took him to the captain. This one, on learning that he was a Dane, told him that if he were one of the common people he should become a member of the pirate crew, but that if he were a noble he must die.

"Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?" said Hamlet.

"The Danes be good sailors and true," replied the captain, "but 'twas their king who drove me to piracy; and he, or any friend he has, may expect no mercy at my hands."

"If you should be shown a plan whereby the king would be killed, and you well rewarded for it, what would you say?" demanded Hamlet.

The captain contemplated him a moment and replied, "If thou knowest such a plan, speak."

"The matter is this," returned Hamlet. "Know you that I am nephew to the king, and that he has done me a grievous wrong. If thou returnest me to the shores of Denmark, and permittest word to be sent to a good and trusty friend, thou shalt receive an ample ransom; and I, in my turn, will guarantee to set the king's soul at liberty to begin its course through perdition."

"Thou soundest more like a pirate than a prince," said the captain. "Wander we to safer quarters, where we may plot the furtherance of thy plan."

So saying, they disappeared below, and from the captain's cabin came forth sounds of deep thinking all night long.

## Consolation

J. SAMUELY, 27J.

The sweetest of blossoms that bloom in the spring  
Were the tiniest buds that were least promising.  
The vine that was heaviest under the snows  
Is the one that now offers the creamiest rose.  
The tiny bird dropped from his nest on the wing  
Is the one whose sweet songs the wind ecstasies bring.  
Then, too, the drab bark on the old rugged tree  
Is the one whose heart harbors a sweet melody.  
There's life to the north wind; there's snap in the mist;  
A downpour or showers make rainbows exist  
No matter through what cloud the sun may be shining,  
It's the same sweet old story — that bright silver lining.

## In the Last Minutes of Play

WENDELA HAWKINS, 28j.

**I**F anybody asks you, tell 'em you don't know — " hummed Peter Murdock disconsolately, and sat down on the floor of the gym. The rest of the squad followed his example. I hesitated, watching Coach Jennings. His face was troubled, and he tapped one foot restlessly while he scribbled pothooks in a little black notebook.

For eight years Hammond College had held the state championship. Twice we had won the permanent ownership of one of the tall, slender, engraved cups. This year we were in line for a third — but the first practice game was just over, and not a member of the squad had showed up more than fairly. Most of us hadn't done even that. And our winning this year was important to Hammond. One of the alumni had promised a big swimming-pool when the trophy shelf should show five cups won without any strings to them since his graduation. We had now one for football, one for track, and two for basketball.

Coach Jennings turned to the squad and cleared his throat. I knew what he was going to say, for he had discussed it with me that afternoon while the others were warming up. The wall telephone rang before he could begin. He answered it, listened for a minute, spoke briefly, and hung up again.

"I'll be gone a few minutes," he announced briefly. "Heath, you know what I was going to say to them; say it." The door closed.

"Boys, you all know how poorly you played today," I began. "Honestly, it was terrible! Of course, we can't expect much this early in the season, but we can expect *something*, especially from those who were on the squad last year. Now, what about it? Are we going to fall down in front of the whole school when they're expecting us to win that pool for them?"

"We aren't as good as we were last year, and the other schools are better than they were. That means that winning will be a lot harder. So we can't afford to have a single man break training. You all know the training rules. If there's any one who doesn't think that he can keep them every minute of every day of the season, let him say so now and get out!" No one said anything. I looked them over.

"Perhaps you don't know your own faults," I went on. "You, Horton, are too slow to dribble. Schirmer, when you shoot a basket don't stop to think about it after the ball leaves your hands. Chesterton, you don't guard high enough. Lee, you're afraid of the ball. Same thing holds true for you, Colman." I knew the faults of every one of them. They squirmed, but they knew that I knew what I was talking about, and that I was as well acquainted with my own faults as I was with theirs.

The squad responded better than I could have hoped, but no really fine players developed. We were just a mediocre team that was determined to win. And the practice season ended, and the interscholastic schedule began.

We won our first game easily. They were a weak team from a small school. The

final selection of our first team was not made until after that game, which shows how little we thought of them.

I was elected captain. The honor did not thrill me much. I knew how much work went with it. A captain has to keep his team fighting mad and full of pep; he plays and roots at the same time; and he takes the blame whenever there is any.

The game with Midland, which we played next, was a close one. From the first whistle to the last long blast just as the deciding goal trickled through the basket, it was exciting. The Murdock brothers showed their stuff well. I managed to score a good deal, and was lucky enough to be responsible for the winning goal. I'm not very quick on my feet, but I have a very straight eye, and I can generally sink a goal two chances in three. That's my strong point.

Harry Cooper dropped into the locker-room as we were dressing, asked for the score, and explained that he had just come from the Sewell-Kenton game.

"Oh, that's why you weren't leading the rooters today? But what were you doing there?" I asked. There's a very strong sentiment against "scouting."

"Escorting my girl, who's a Kenton co-ed," he explained. "Say, Sewell has the most wonderful center I ever saw. His name's Marshall. He's a peach!"

I groaned.

"He's a mighty clean player, too," went on Cooper. "One of their guards and several of the subs are dirty players of the worst sort. They fouled over and over, and as often as not the referee didn't see. Marshall didn't like it, and bawled them out when he could. Gee, I'd like to play against him!" He sighed. Cooper hurt his knee a year ago and it's still stiff, but before that he was a star player. He knows more about basketball than any one else in the state, I think.

I talked to the team about what Cooper had told me. "You've got to play clean," I cautioned. "It's easier to win clean, and it's better for the school. Marshall, of Sewell, is a wonderful player and a clean player. We aren't wonderful, but we can be square."

We played Lincoln and won by a narrow margin. Then we came in ahead of Kenton and Oakwood, and won from Juvenal by three points. The Sewell game was our last scheduled one, and if we won or even tied it we'd be eligible for the finals.

They held a big rally for us at Hammond, the day before the Sewell game. The team sat up in front and listened to the speeches. I had to get up and orate too. It was worse than being bawled out by the coach.

The game was at Sewell. There were about a million rooters on the train, hanging out of every car-window. We had a car to ourselves, with just a few student-body officers wandering in and out, and it had bunting draped all over the outside. The dining room at the Sewell Hotel, where we lunched (and not on very much either, for the game was called for two o'clock) was packed with Hammond supporters, waving yellow banners. There was a lot of noise.

Arthur Murdock began to be hysterical about half an hour after lunch, and Peter and I had to walk him up and down and soothe him until it was time to dress. That soothed our own nerves, too, for some reason.

There must have been six thousand people at the game. The place — it was a



big indoor court near the football stadium — was jammed so full that the hot-dog and peanut men had to step over people sitting in the aisles.

They cheered us as we came out. Harry Cooper was leading. Then they began to sing one of the school songs while we warmed up. I amused myself trying to shoot goals in time to the music. I wasn't very successful. Then Sewell cheered her team, especially Marshall. I heard that he had been shifted to guard after the first two games, and that he played even better there than he had at center.

The subs left the floor and we took our positions. The referee's whistle blew, and the ball went up.

Marshall was guarding me. He was wonderful. It was almost impossible for me to get close to the basket. However, he was disturbed by two men on his team. They were evidently the ones Cooper had mentioned. Schirmer, our other forward, was having a terrible time with his guard, who was a very clever fouler.

"Play square, can't you?" ordered Marshall in a sharp whisper as he passed the guard. He had to repeat the caution several times, and it worried him.

Our guards were not much good. That meant that we must put all our attention on scoring more than Sewell could. With Marshall guarding me, that was work, but it was wonderful work. Any one could enjoy playing against him.

We made sixteen points in the first half, and Sewell made eighteen. Almost no subs had been put in, but we had to let Schirmer and Arthur Murdock rest after the half. Hewett and Conway replaced them, but Hewett didn't stay in long. After four or five minutes he slipped—but I know the Sewell center had something to do with it!—and had to be helped off the court. Urquhart guarded the chief Sewell scorer after that.

Marshall was playing queerly as the third quarter ended. I couldn't make it out, and it puzzled me as we changed places. After I began to understand, I admired him more than ever. He was trying to prevent other injuries caused by the foul players on his own team—and they were fast players, too—and guard me at the same time.

The score was even at twenty-one to twenty-one. Marshall was all over the place. He was guarding both Conway and me, and elbowing out the other Sewell guard as much as he could. His face was very pale, and the strain seemed to be trying him. He had been going at a tremendous pace, and still was.

I hadn't kept track of the time, of course. I was too busy for that. But some one shouted, "A minute and a half to go! Keep it up, boys." Sewell scored again. It was a pretty play, too. Marshall took almost no part in it. His breath was coming in short gasps. I did not notice that especially, for all of us were short-winded enough by that time.

Peter Murdock flipped the ball to me when it went up again. I passed it under Marshall's guard to Conway.

"Thirty seconds to play!"

Conway knew his limitations. He dared not try for the basket unless he could get in closer, which would be a very long chance. He passed back again. The Sewell center caught the ball and threw it to the other end of the court—a nice shot—but Peter Murdock was in like a flash of lightning to catch it and race back.

"Fifteen seconds!"

Conway had the ball and was going to make a desperate shot, but I signalled him to let me have it. I fumbled the catch, but recovered. There was just time for a long, careful throw to basket. I tensed myself—and shot.

Marshall was away from me before the ball left my hands. Then he turned and sprang toward the other Sewell center. Conway went down, but Marshall was in time to throw the Sewell man back and break the fall. Then he crumpled. I caught him, though the sudden weight brought me to my knees. The Sewell center raced past me to beat Peter Murdock to the ball, but both of them were too late. The game was over.

There was a moment's silence. Conway got to his feet dizzily. I stood up, pulling Marshall to his feet too. Conway ran out, tossed me his megaphone, and put his arm around Marshall's waist.

"Come on!" I called to the crowd, Hammond and Sewell supporters alike. "Give the biggest nine you've got for Marshall, and make it long and loud!"

They gave it almost without leading, for most of them had seen what I had seen—that he had used his last strength to save Conway from a very nasty fall, and then gone down himself in a faint.

We helped him off the court, Cooper and I. A wave of rooters poured down from the benches, but we would not let them take him. We were proud of having played against him. I think that not a Hammond supporter would have wished to win from such an opponent; and I at least was glad and grateful when I glanced up at the scoreboard and saw that the score was tied at twenty-three.

## Inspiration

JULIA SAMUELY, 27J.

In the darkness of the pine-tree  
 There's a touch of ecstasy;  
 In the throat of robin red-breast  
 ♪ There's a haunting melody.


In the heart of misty mountains  
 There's a lovely mellowed sheen  
 That plays upon your heartstrings  
 Like a sweet face in a dream.

There is something in a handclasp,  
 In a smile from sunshine's lips,  
 In the scarlet glow on waters  
 On the sunburnt sails of ships.

In the fastness of the forest  
 There's the spark of life — a thrill —  
 I cannot quite describe it —  
 Inspiration — what you will.

## A Tale of the Sea

B. GRILLO, 28J

Y name is Thomas Dawson. My Viking ancestry has probably been the cause of my sailor's life. Ever since I was a little curly towhead boy of eight or nine the sea has attracted me.

When I was only fourteen I shipped on the brig Frederick as a cabin boy and ever since then my life has been spent on the sea.

The last ship I sailed on went down in a hurricane off the Bermudas, so I signed up with the crew of the good ship Flavia, bound for the Antarctic in search of new seal beaches.

After putting out to sea, everything went well until we sighted the southern icebergs standing out coldly white and mysterious. It was the third night the crash came. I was awakened out of a sound sleep by the cries, "She's sinking!"

I leaped from my bunk and rushed on deck. All was confusion! The hoarse shouts of fear-maddened men rose above the uproar of the crashing timbers.

Because of my long acquaintance with the sea, I knew about how long it would take to lower the boats; so, hastily dressing in the warmest woolen clothes I could find, I got on deck in time to jump into the last boat leaving the ship.

The ship sank almost immediately after our desertion. In the hurry and rush to get out of reach of the encircling eddies caused by the sinking schooner, we lost sight of all the other boats in the overhanging haze. This did not cause us any immediate worry as each boat had independent supplies. The rations in our boat were made up of two or three hundred pounds of pork and several kegs of water, with the usual supply of ship biscuits. This seemed plenty, but, considering that we were out of the beaten paths of ships, it didn't look so large after the first few days.

The fifth day the young cabin boy died. We cast the body overboard. After that the weaker men failed rapidly. I had a very strong constitution but I was also better protected than the other men in the matter of clothing. Finally there were only five of us left, the others having died from cold and exposure.

It was then that Hanson, the burly second-mate, began to growl over the division of the supplies. The captain, Johnson, the ship's doctor, Warbuck, and myself ranged ourselves at one end of the boat with the supplies while Hanson and his fellow mutineers went to the other. They rushed us intending to get at the provisions but we easily overpowered them, knocking them overboard.

After drifting around for almost three weeks, we finally saw a small island. The sea was so rough that we feared to attempt a landing, but it was certain death to stay in the boat, our water and meat having given out two days before. At last we came to the conclusion that we would try to reach shore.

I was at the oars as I had shown the least sign of fatigue. We headed straight for the surf when a mammoth wave came from behind and overturned the boat. I instinctively kept hold of the oar, for which I am thankful for, as without it I could never have reached the shore. My first thought was for my late companions but I never saw them again.

My first concern was the nature of the island I had so happily and fortunately



landed upon. A short expedition showed it to be utterly barren. I did find a dead fish that served me as food for a few days. I was greatly chagrined to find there were no fresh water springs; only a few stagnant pools of water were left from the last rains.

Not knowing how long I might be forced to remain there, I immediately set about building a pool to catch and hold water during the next rain. I scarcely had the site marked out when darkness overtook me, so I was forced to discontinue my work until the next day.

That night was a miserable one. I slept in a little hole under a large rock. It was damp and cold. The following morning I decided that I would improve my lodging at the first opportunity, but my water supply came first. Later, while I was working on my little reservoir, I saw a band of seals on the near end of the island.

I grabbed my faithful oar and ran amongst them, killing and stunning over a hundred before I stopped to survey my work.

My intention had not been to kill so many, but my desire for meat was so great I killed wildly. I skinned them and used the furs to line my den. The meat I laid on the rocks to dry. There was a quantity of salt on the rocks which made a fair preservative when rubbed into the meat. I now had meat aplenty but my water was nearly gone.

But luck was again with me, as it rained before the situation became urgent. I had now finished my waterhole and it held enough water to last me until the next rain.

I found the seals came there regularly, so my supply of meat was assured. A diet of seal meat was quite monotonous, so different shellfish, which were very abundant on my island, made an agreeable change.

Several months passed in these various occupations. I had very little time to be lonely. The question of food and drink engaged my hands and mind continually.

During this period I kept a careful lookout for passing vessels. Once I did see a ship pass at a distance; but, not having any way to signal it, I was forced to see it sail over the horizon and out of sight. It did give me hope, however, for it proved that ships did come by.

The problem was how to attract them when they did come near. There were great piles of dried seaweed on the island, so, preparing for the future, I made a huge bonfire on the highest point of the island to serve as a beacon. From a piece of driftwood and a strip of seal skin, I made a crude instrument to start my beacon blazing, using fire by friction as my principle.

Now that I was prepared for any passing ship, to my great disappointment no ship came.

Finally, after months of dreary waiting, the whaler *Genoa* passed by. I lit my beacon to attract attention and to my joy I saw them lower a whaleboat. My signal had been successful! I was saved! With my trusty paddle to aid me, I swam out to the incoming boat and there told my story.

Safe on board the *Genoa*, I was given clean clothes and "Christian food" by the sympathetic and marveling crew.

After an uneventful voyage, I arrived in my old home town none the worse for my adventures on a desert island.

## A Dog's Life

J. McCAULEY.



AM nothing but a common fox-terrier. Like others of my kind I am forced to work my paws to the bone in order to insure myself a livelihood. I work, let me tell you, sometimes a goodly twelve hours a day without overtime pay. I travel about the country, with the rest of my dog friends, playing at the various vaudeville theatres. I am known by the name of "Prince" and am quite a handsome animal, if I do say so myself. I have soft fur, white spotted with brown, and beautiful long ears that are the envy of my companions.

There are twenty-five of us in the team and each has his special act to perform. I have been at this job for seven months now and have advanced rapidly. I was first discovered by my manager in an advertisement for dog biscuits in a prominent magazine. I have hopes, however, of quitting this job and going to Hollywood, where I'll show some of those so-called dog stars how to act, even if I am not one of those sophisticated German Police dogs.

There goes the bell which always rings five minutes before curtain time, and I haven't put my jewelled collar on yet. I want to appear especially attractive today, for who knows but that a certain manager may be in the audience. Here comes the rest of the gang, so I'll have to run to my place.

The music starts, and Bubbles, that "stuck up", bushy-tailed, dull-eyed, wire-haired terrier, comes out to put on her act. Look at the way she struts out, trying to keep time with the music. I hope she trips! She thinks everyone ought to kiss the ground on which she walks, just because her twin brother belongs to old man Rockefeller. I can trace my ancestors back to the reign of Terror! Listen how the people applaud. Ah, at last my chance arrives. The first thing I have to do is to sing the scale. Here I go, — I might have known that I would start on the wrong key, but I'll have to make the best of it. Listen to that unappreciative audience laugh. That man in the box seat is getting his money's worth. He has his mouth opened so wide that I can almost see what he had for lunch. I honestly believe that we dogs have more grey matter than those furless animals who class themselves as human beings. Well, here I am on the last note and I'll make it as loud as I can — ouch, I knew it, I bit my tongue as usual, and just on the day that we're going to have spare ribs for dinner. That was a good song, I know, even if the people don't think so. I have a good voice of which I am justly proud, and have won the title of the "Dog Caruso" among my friends. Some day I may be able to play in light opera, who knows?

Now I have to do my juggling act. I have to stand on my hind legs and balance a big red and white ball on my nose and at the same time walk across the stage. Here I go, — I do wish that squeaky orchestra would play something else besides "Hearts and Flowers" every time I do this act. Crash! Who put that banana peeling on the stage? See how the people are laughing. They thought my fall was part of the act. Here comes the boss. He gives me a compliment and tells me to keep up the good work. Well, good-bye until tomorrow.

## The Winner of the Race

STANLEY KLOPSTOCK, 28x.



ON a bleak, cold athletic field, on which the sun was already setting, a bitterly fought track-meet between Yale and Harvard was taking place. Huddled in little groups, each college hoped fervently that its men would win — for there was a tied score and this last relay would decide the meet. The set expression of the runners showed they meant to win or die in the attempt.

Work, the famous runner for Yale and last man in the relay, was urging his team-mates on.

"We've got to win, fellows," he was saying rapidly, "we've got to win — and there's only one way we can do it — Fight!"

A shrill cry telling the rooters of the final relay brought excitement to the mob, but only dread to Bruce Harrington, third runner of the relay. He had always been rather cowardly, and already an icy sensation was creeping up his back. "Suppose I should lose the race for Yale!" was the thought uppermost in his mind. Here was his one Big Chance — would he make good? Of course, no one would know he had been a failure if he did lose. How could they tell? Yet an insistent small voice kept calling, "Yes, but *you* would know that you're a coward; you couldn't look your team-mates in the eye. Forget your dread; you're a Yale man, and for once in your life — FIGHT!!" Bruce Harrington never felt the burden of responsibility so heavy on his shoulders as he did then.

The runners were lining up, while the rooters implored them on to victory. Harrington hurried to his place, still fighting the mental battle that would make him or break him.

"Get on your marks — Get set — GO!!" and the white clad figures were off, each fighting for his Alma Mater.

Bruce, waiting with straining muscles, thought the second runner would never reach him. Already Yale was losing ground.

"Could I make up that lost ground for Yale?" flashed through Harrington's brain. He forgot his despair, himself, everything but the race. For the first time in his life, Bruce Harrington's fighting blood was up — at last a Man's Man!

On came Harvard, a faint triumphant smile on the winning runner's face. How Bruce hated that smile! And then the Yale man reached him and he was off like a shot. He saw the Harvard man tearing along as if he never would lose an inch of lead. Bruce saw him falter, hardly noticeably, but that little was a gift of Heaven to the fighting Yale man.

It was then that Yale started gaining, slowly, inch by inch, yet remorselessly as Fate — fighting to overcome that ten-yard lead.

The Yale rooters went mad. "Come on, Yale! Fight it out — keep it up, Harrington!" rang out their joyful cries.

And Yale *was* winning. Bruce was tied with the Harvard runner, then Yale led — and when Yale's last man, Work, took the baton he was three yards ahead. Try as Harvard might, Yale kept up the lead, for Harrington's game fight had put

wonderful spirit into Work's running. In the next moment the race was over. Yale had won. No wonder the Yale supporters went wild with joy, and paraded the men around the field upon their shoulders. Work was made a hero. There was a silence when he raised his arm.

"No, fellows," he began, "I didn't win the meet for Yale — it was HARRINGTON!"

## Tiger Spirit

MARGARET WILSON, 30J.

The tumult of expectant voices,  
Cheering heroes strong and bold,  
The happy tiger crowd rejoices  
On that field of black and gold.

With banners waving, voices cheering,  
Our applause the team empowers,  
The foe retreats, our onslaught fearing —  
We win! The day is ours!

## Vacation

LUCILLE GALER, 30J.

Away with your books, away with your pen,  
Summer is here, and vacation again.  
Off to the mountains, down to the shore,  
Forgetting all cares and studies of yore.

Happy and carefree, gone are our woes;  
Bask in the sunlight, play or repose,  
Yachting or swimming, motoring, too.  
Joyous and gay, the whole day through!

## A Comparison

MILDRED BANKS, 29X.

Old-fashioned miss, you're gone today;  
Another miss now takes your place.  
Your golden tresses, now shorn away,  
Were far behind in fashion's race.

New-fashioned miss, we love your smile;  
Another could never take your place.  
Your hair and dress and sportsmanship  
Are far ahead in fashion's race.

## Memoirs of the "Nellie Smith"

MARGARET BAKER, 27x



YOU look at me and smile. How cruel it is that people so often glance only at the outside, and, seeing no pretentious details, no shining paint or polished metalwork, laugh at the sight and pass on. That is the way of the world.

But even an old hulk like me, who have roamed the seas for forty years, has feelings, though they are numbed with age. I have weathered too many storms to have any regret that soon I will lie in the graveyard of the sea.

Many, many years have passed since I first felt water beneath my keel, yet I can never forget my builder's and first captain's kind face as he watched his little daughter Nellie (for whom I was named) break the bottle on my bow when I was christened. I was beautiful then. My lines were graceful, and my decks and sails were white. Captain Smith thought me the finest barque on earth, and I held a place in his heart next to that of his daughter. He treated me well, and never did captain receive better service from a ship than he did from me. With him on the bridge, the heaviest weather had no terrors for me. Ah, those were happy days in my youth!

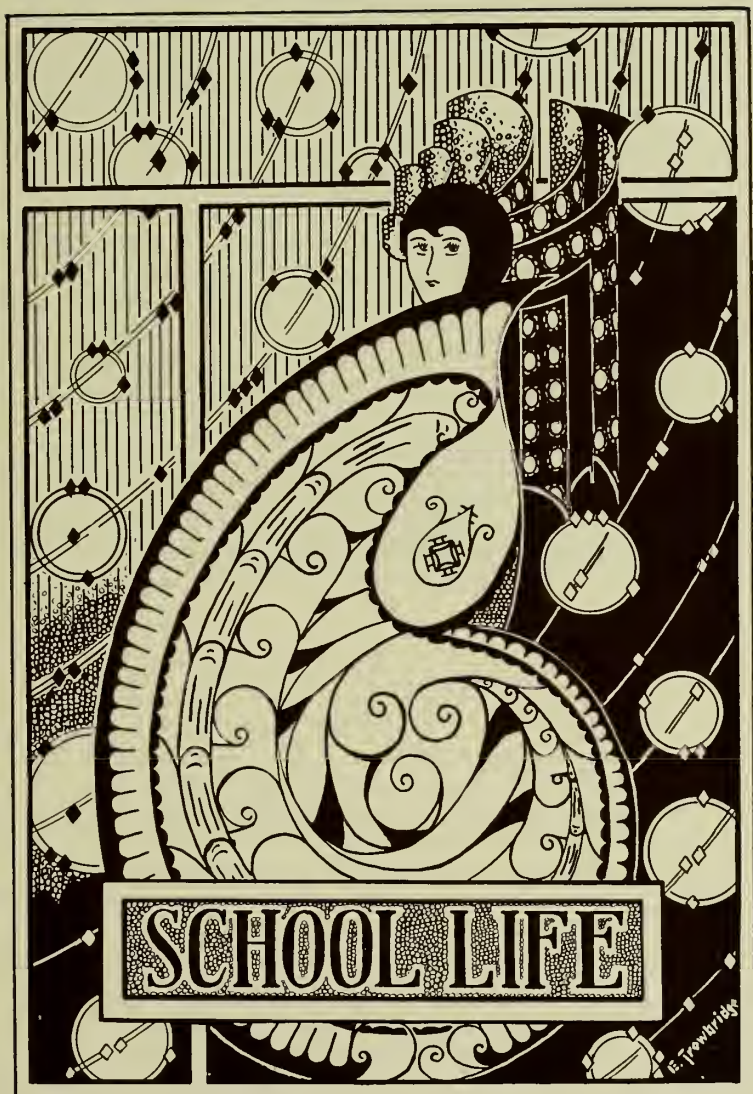
It was a sad moment for me, you may be sure, when he was washed from his hold on deck one stormy night in the Bay of Biscay. The "China Bill", to save whose life he risked his own, was not worth his weight in sea-water; yet a mighty man was lost for him. That is the way of Fate to sailors. Now she smiles, and the sea is smooth; now she laughs, and a gale rises to taunt your weakness; now she frowns and sweeps a veil across the sky, and the lives of brave men are lost in the dark.

After that, I was sold to an Alaska man, who wanted me for the sealing trade. I was fitted with auxiliary engines, and my clean, smooth lines were broken amidships by an ugly deck-house. Those were terrible years in which I was driven through the icy seas of the North. But ice is relentless, and cold wears one to the death. After ten years of service there, I was so worn that I was condemned.

The end was not yet. I was sold to a lumberman, and for many years went up and down the Pacific Coast with cargoes of heavy, shifting green lumber—one of the most heart-breaking loads a ship can know.

But even that drudgery is beyond my power now. My seams are sprung, my engine has been dismantled. A relic of an age that has passed forever, I lie in Derelict Row, waiting for the day when even the smallest wave may have strength enough to surmount my dying weakness, and draw me under to the last haven of ships.







## Lux President's Message

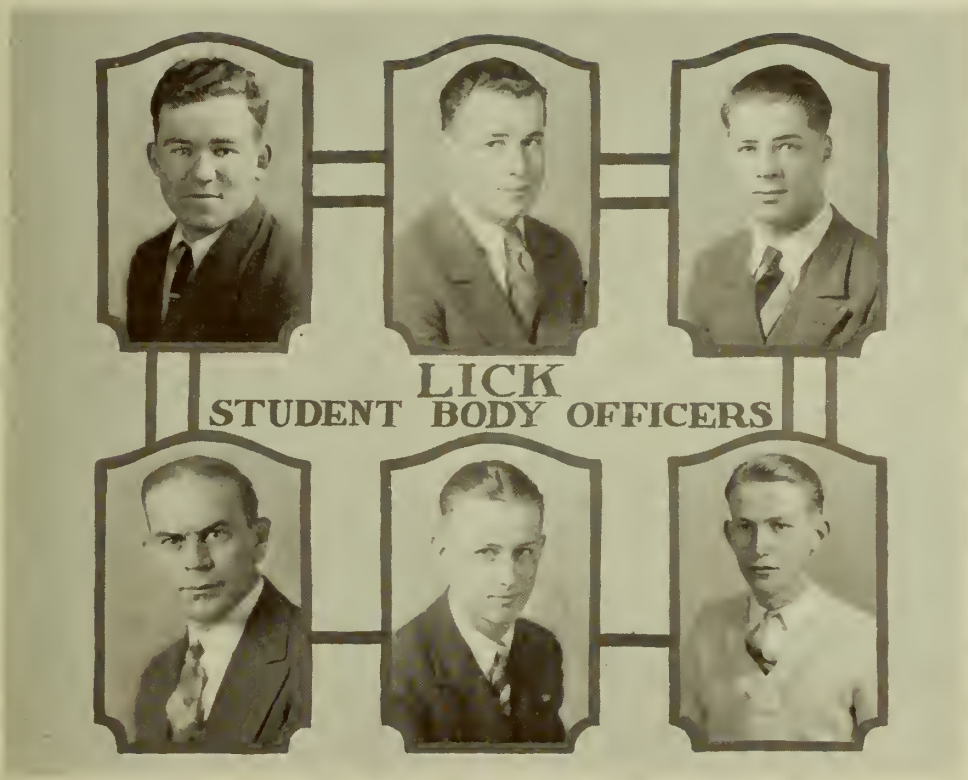
**T**IGER spirit! The magic that sends our boys and girls over the top in every contest! With pride we look back over the past four years and are unable to find a single defeat to our spirit even though the score-board may have shown a few extra numbers to the credit of an opponent.

It is this spirit that has made my term as president so enjoyable. The intense energy of the student-body has taken form in such hearty co-operation and such earnest efforts to make the term a success that the old tiger himself needs must stand up and roar his approval.

In our new assemblies we have discussed school life and school politics in a manner that makes the orations of Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry seem dull by comparison. I sincerely hope that these assemblies will be continued, for they are a vital element in fostering our co-operation plan. If a student-body can be run by the students themselves in open meeting, instead of being led by a few officers, it will naturally have a better understanding of the problems that confront it and a stronger unity in work.

It is with great pride that we, as Seniors, take with us that share of the work, pleasure, and friendship with which the Tiger Spirit has endowed us, confident that those we leave behind will never lose sight of it.





## Lick President's Message



E are like so many ships that started on a voyage with holds empty but are returning with varying amounts of cargo. Some of us have docked at the end of our first voyage, and some of us will begin one more four year voyage. But the majority still have a good many ports of their first trip ahead of them.

And now, as I review the last six months of my first completed voyage, it is not necessary for me to criticize or applaud the school activities—for you have already formed your own opinions. I realize that we have not had a social calendar as full as previous ones, but it has been decided for us that we draw away from so many joint affairs and the large number of activities. Inasmuch as we have been granted the invaluable privilege of attending these schools, we should readily accept that state of affairs which has been considered best for us.

Finally, I wish to thank the student-body and officers for their earnest support and hearty co-operation in the social and athletic events of the past term, and also the Faculty for their unfailing advice and assistance at all times.



## Lux Board of Control

**T**HE BOARD OF CONTROL and the entire student-body have passed a very successful semester under the guidance of President Samuely. The Board of Control has had two meetings this semester. The first meeting was to elect the new student-body secretary. Lillian Schaefer was elected to hold this office. The second meeting was to plan for the first Assembly held at Lux. The Assemblies proved interesting occasions.

The board this semester consists of Julia Samuely and Lillian Schaefer from the student body, Lois Detjen and Dorothy Noce from 27J, Florence Knoles and Ellen Buhman, 27x, Verna Selmer and Edith Del Secco, 28J, Eunice Gastaldi and Helen Schneider, 28x, Alice Neumann and Sylvia Olssen, 29J, Gertrude Horgan and Hazel Schrepfer, 29x, Dorothy Dooley and Margaret Wilson, 30J, Carol Berg and Josephine Patilla, 30x.

Lux has enjoyed a number of assemblies this semester. Short programs are given by the various classes and clubs, after which the meetings are turned over to student-body affairs. The students are given an opportunity to give their opinions on the various matters. Much discussion has also been given to the establishment of a Girls' Athletic Association.

The board wishes to thank Miss Ellsworth for the wonderful help she has given this semester.



## Lick Board of Control



HE members who served the Board of Control during the past semester were Daniel, 27j ; Kruger, 27x ; Gilmore, 28j ; Metzger, 28x ; Hundley, 29j ; Biale, 29x ; Rielly, 30j, and Hurley, 30x.

At the first meeting of the board, McGowan was elected secretary of the student-body and Peterson was appointed manager of the "Life" owing to the fact that Thompson, the pre-elected manager, did not return to school. At the second meeting, Skinner's resignation of the managership of the basketball team was accepted and Olmo was chosen in his place. During the same meeting, Kot was elected manager of the track team ; Hurley was chosen manager of the swimming team ; and Dutcher was appointed manager of the baseball team. At the next two meetings the school budget was submitted by Mr. Heymann and it was finally passed after much discussion and disagreement. A fifth amendment to the school constitution was debated and was slated to appear before the student-body at the next election.

The care of selecting the senior candidate for the honor medal was intrusted to Kruger, Gilmore and Metzger, the appointed members of the low senior, high junior and low junior classes, as is the custom.



*Editor, Lux*.....HELEN NORTON  
*Editor, Lick*.....ALBERT BORGWARDT  
*Manager, Lux*.....JULIA CARLSON  
*Manager, Lick*.....JOHN PETERSON

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 ESTELLE BARBIERI

JOHN MADIEROS  
 ELMER TROWBRIDGE

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 MARGARET BAKER  
 J. MADIEROS  
 K. SERKLAND

##### CLASS NOTES

JULA SAMUELY  
 FRANCES CANFIELD  
 C. PATTERSON

##### SPORTS

FLORENCE KNOWLES  
 NORMA LASTRUCCI  
 H. NICHOLS  
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##### STORIES

WENDELA HAWKINS  
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##### JOKES

CAROL BERG  
 E. HAAS



## Editorial



NOTHER step forward has been taken by the members of the Senior class. Our way, until now, has been easy and sheltered under the guidance of our parents and teachers, but soon we shall be out in the world with our own lives to lead and ways to make. Step by step we have advanced — through childhood, with its first steps to learn, through Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux, with all their work and joys, and now on to the future — and what? For some, a still higher education; for most, only the knocks and experiences we receive from the world.

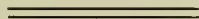
Though we leave as a class now, we can never leave or forget the four-year home of so much happiness and so many pleasant associations. In this issue of the LWL Life we have tried to put our class spirit along with that of the whole student body.

This journal, the most important work of the Senior class, is not the work of the class alone, but of the entire student body, through representative members of the Staff. To the members of the Faculties who have guided us, to the Staff who have worked always in harmony, and to all students who contributed stories or art work — we extend hearty thanks. We hope the pleasure of seeing their work in the book will compensate them for their efforts.

Looking back over the old school journals, one is impressed by the steady general improvement in organization and treatment of material. It is true that the old books were larger, but there was a great deal more waste space than there is now. Sometimes whole pages were left blank, and other pages were not filled as they might have been, while lately every available space has been used. The older books may have excelled in some one phase, but we believe the late productions show a decided general improvement. A set of past journals has been collected and bound, and may be found in Miss Meng's room in the Wilmerding building.

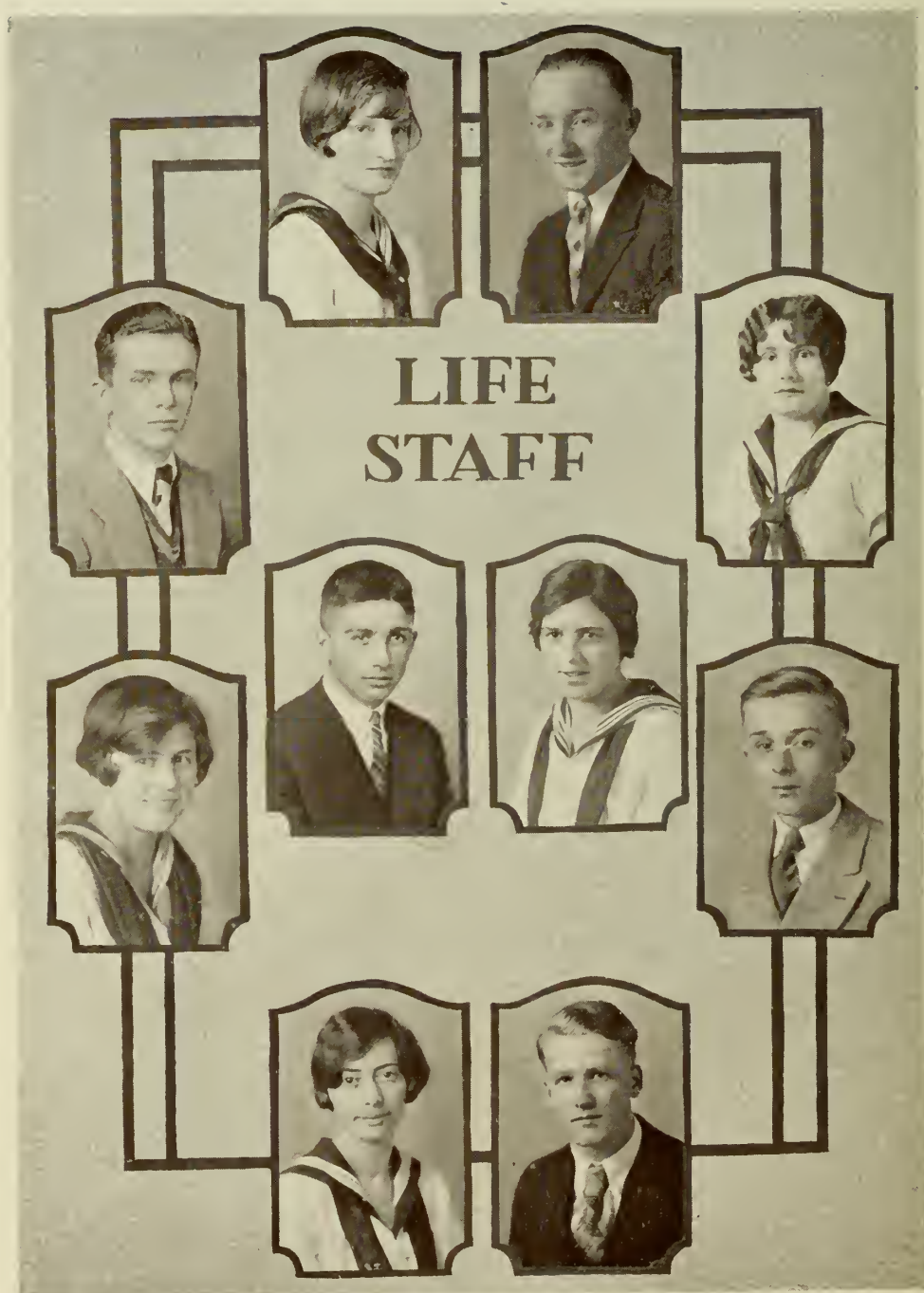
In this issue we have tried to introduce something new in the treatment of the dedication picture. In the future we hope to see this treatment carried farther and color cuts introduced.

We have also continued the policy of our predecessors in trying to bring the boys' and girls' activities into closer relation.

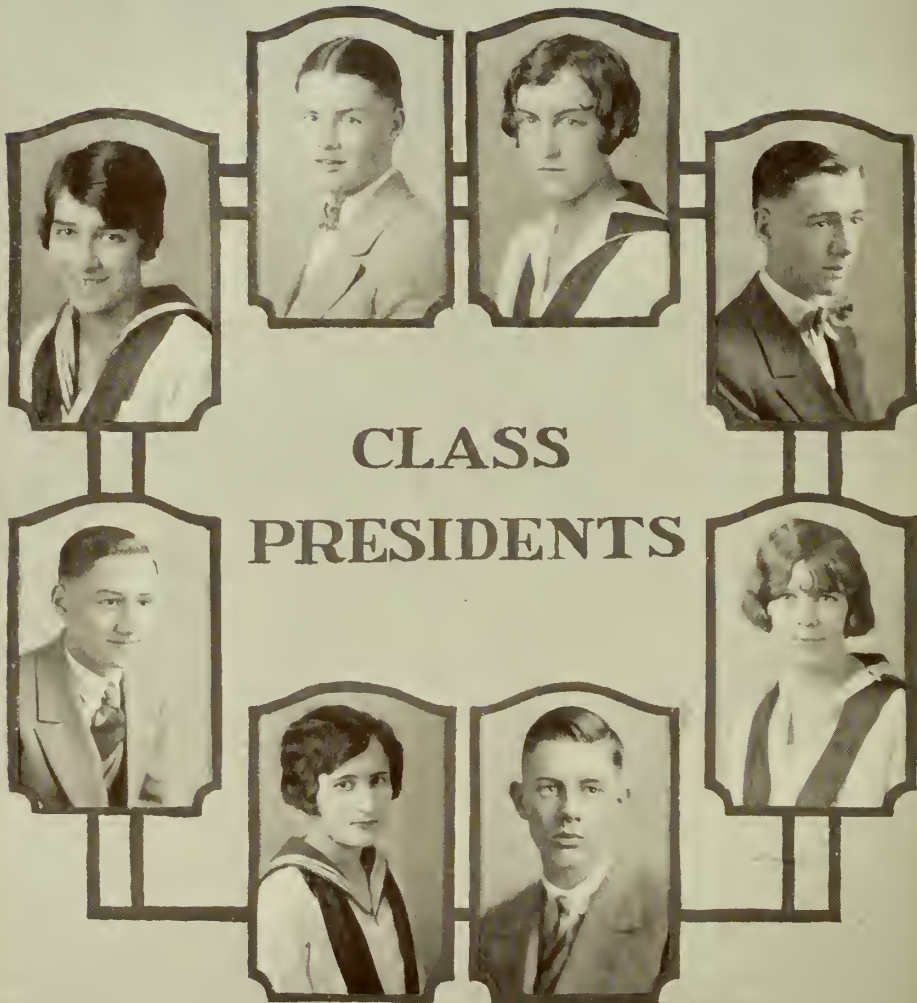


## Appreciation

The editors and managers wish to thank Mr. Pohlmann, of the Commercial Art and Engraving Company, the Fisher Studio, and Althof and Bahls for their untiring efforts to produce an LWL Life that will be a credit to the school.









## Lux Class Notes



THE 27X CLASS has a debater in its midst, Margaret Baker. We are proud of the way she has spoken in the Lux Assemblies in backing up the arguments for more articles in the "Tiger's Tale." The rest of the class showed its ability by putting over a snappy Saint Patrick's Day luncheon, under the skillful guidance of the class officers, Florence Knoles, president; Madlyn Pierson, vice-president; Eleanor Canovan, secretary; Charlotte Madden, treasurer; Ellen Buhman, Board of Control member; Ilene Hemminga, sergeant-at-arms, and Frances Nettle, yell leader.

The 28J Class has certainly kept up its reputation as a "peppy" class by putting over one of the most successful luncheons of the term. The class co-operated very successfully with the officers, Verna Selmer, president; Frances Farrell, vice-president; Wendela Hawkins, secretary; Edith Del Seco, Board of Control member, and Lillian DeHay, yell leader. We have dramatic talent in our class in Ellen Barsotti, who is taking an active part in the Forum; also, we captured the tennis championship, through our star player, Frances Canfield.

It was to be expected that the 28x Class would put over something original. This time it came in the form of the "Junior-Freshman Circus." Much of the success of the affair was due to the cleverness of the class officers: president, Eunice Gastaldi; vice-president, Ruth Bass; secretary, Mary Garguilo. Thus were the freshmen introduced to the social life of the schools.

Again the 29J Class showed its talent on the stage by presenting a snappy program consisting of two plays, a folk dance, and poems. Alice Luthi helped greatly. The class was under the able leadership of Alice Neuman, president; May Welch, vice-president; Gladys Martin, secretary; Sylvia Olsen, Board of Control member; Josephine Holocheck, sergeant-at-arms; Bernice Shram, editor; Virginia Pagonis, manager, and Anna Grasso, our peppy cheer leader. Yes, we had a Valentine luncheon, which was the big event of the semester.

"Heave ho, my lads!" cried the officers of the 29x Class. They responded and up came a snappy luncheon constructed on the plan of a ship. The members of the class represented sailors and they all had the time of their lives. This was certainly a novel and successful affair, due to the hard work of the various committees. Class officers for the term were: Gertrude Horgan, president; Celeste Legnitto, vice-president; Dorothy Lockwood, secretary; Natalie Beggs, sergeant-at-arms; Lesben Costalupes, yell leader, and Hazel Schrepfer, Board of Control member.

The high freshmen have shown their spirit this semester. They turned out an original play, written by Hildegard Thorup, called the "Luxite"; a fashion show followed, and the stunt was voted a big success. Class officers were: Dorothy Dooley, president; Grace Gray, vice-president; Harriet Egger, secretary; Margaret Wilson, Board of Control member; Matilda Ehlers, sergeant-at-arms, and Helen Corrie, yell leader.

Here comes the 30x Class, a group of girls we are proud to have with us — peppy, snappy, and full of fun. Watch out, upper classmen, for we have a number of stars in this class when it comes to sports. Thanks to their senior advisor, Carol Berg, they have been guided successfully through the first semester.



## Lick Class Notes



PROBABLY the most outstanding social event of the term was the 28x-30x Circus. It was a tremendous success and well served its purpose of introducing the freshmen into the school. The "Hall of Mystery" and the Wild West Show were very original and interesting. The 30x class, themselves fast becoming active in school life, have expressed a desire to thank the Juniors for a most enjoyable afternoon.

"The Pot Boiler", a burlesque presented by the 28J class at the Freshman rally, deserves special mention. It was an enjoyable comedy which enlarged upon the trials of a playwright. The 28J's have also enjoyed a joint Easter Luncheon, made "peppy" by an exciting Easter egg hunt.

The 27x class is by no means backward when it comes to giving a luncheon. As it was a St. Patrick's affair, the famous Irish "spud" predominated.

Not to be slighted are the 29J, 29x and 30J classes. It's such classes that make up the sterling spirit that pervades the school.

In the athletic line 27 seems to stand out. As usual they won the baseball and track interclass and figured second in swimming. Dutcher, Trowbridge, Miller, C. Klopstock, Storek, Hurley and Smith are on the track; Hurley and Jacobs are on the swimming team and Schefflin is on the 145-pound basketball team.

Running a close second in baseball and track and first in swimming is 28. With Bray, Garavatti, Haynes and B. Gilmore on the basketball team, Gilmore, McCormack and Malatesta on baseball team, a generous number of fellows on the track, swimming and tennis teams, they have done their bit for the "Fighting Tiger".

The 29 and 30 classes have made a remarkable showing against the older and more experienced fellows. Both are represented on the school teams and have shown their mettle in the interclass.

The class officers are as follows:

27J—President, Temby; Vice-President, Daver; Secretary, Reid; Sergeant-at-Arms, Santina; Board of Control, Daniel; Yell Leader, Weck; Treasurer, Leu.

27x—President, Olmo; Vice-President, Serkland; Secretary, Jacobs; Sergeant-at-Arms, Storek; Board of Control, Hurley; Yell Leader, Skinner; Treasurer, Trowbridge.

28J—President, Grillo; Vice-President, Nichols; Secretary, Abbott; Sergeant-at-Arms, Kelly; Board of Control, Gilmore; Yell Leader, Harris; Treasurer, Sutton.

28x—President, Seitz; Vice-President, Wise; Secretary, Mollison; Sergeant-at-Arms, Wehr; Board of Control, Metzger; Yell Leader, Watkins; Treasurer, Kubicek.

29J—President, Gilmore, M; Vice-President, Howard; Secretary, Eastman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Bahr; Board of Control, Hundley; Yell Leader, Attinger; Treasurer, Sonne.

29x—President, Taylor; Vice-President, Winter; Secretary, Schmid; Sergeant-at-Arms, Blair; Board of Control, Biale; Yell Leader, Miller.

30J—President, Hazlewood; Vice-President, Guth; Secretary, Schagen; Board of Control, Reilly; Yell Leader, Hawkins; Treasurer, Day.

30x—President, McGowan; Vice-President, Howatt; Secretary, Peters; Sergeant-at-Arms, Wright; Yell Leader, McCullough; Treasurer, Grace.

## Lick Forum



The Lick Forum has just completed a most useful term. Although greatly handicapped by the fact that Miss Wood, faculty advisor and chairman of the Forum, left the school during the early part of the semester, the organization, under the able leadership of Mrs. Woodland, has kept up the good work characteristic of it since its origin a few years ago.

The Forum consists of all officers of classes and other organizations, Student Body Officers, and all captains and managers of school teams. Daver was elected secretary of the organization at its first meeting. The purpose of the Forum is to increase the officers' knowledge of parliamentary law, public speaking, and methods used in solving school problems.

The most important work accomplished by the Forum this term was the revision of the credit system for the honor medal. This revision became necessary because of the increase in the duties of several of the credited offices. The most outstanding changes were made in the sergeants-at-arms organizations and the management of the Cafeteria.

## Lux Forum



The Forum has enjoyed a successful term under the guidance of our capable president, Sara Addleman.

Six girls were appointed to act as ushers for all assemblies over which the Forum presides. They are Doris Priddle, Marjorie Dillion, Florence Taylor, Mary Anthony, Ruth Ward and Norma Lastrucci. Edith Hanson, Norma Lastrucci and Ruth Carney were on the committee to select arm bands for the ushers. The president, on behalf of the Forum, extends her sincere thanks to the advisors, Miss Fraser and Miss Hughes.

The first assembly of the term was turned over completely to the Forum Club. On this occasion, a one-act play entitled "The Florist Shop" was presented. The characters were as follows: Maude, Ellen Barsotti; Henry, Lillian DeHay; Mr. Slowski, Estelle Barbieri; Miss Wells, Charlotte Madden; Mr. Jackson, Martha Sauer. The play was accepted with great enthusiasm by the Student Body, and at its close President Addleman presented Miss Fraser and Miss Hughes with corsages of spring flowers, in appreciation of their kind efforts on behalf of the play. Mr. Merrill very generously contributed many beautiful shrubs and flowers for the stage setting. The trellises and show cases which were used were made by the Lick students.



## Lux Glee Club



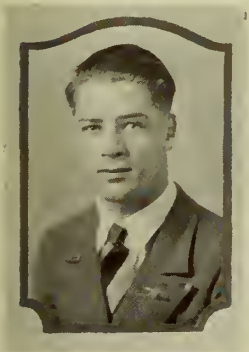
During the last semester, the Lux Glee Club enrolled a number of new members who, we are very happy to say, have entered into the spirit of the work and have given their best to the club.

At the first meeting Madlyn Pierson was elected president. Under her capable direction the club held a very enjoyable luncheon on Wednesday, March 9th. The tables were decorated with favors suggestive of music and afterwards clever stunts were given and games were played in the Living Room.

Last fall the Sextet was changed to an Octet. The members are Sara Addleman, Rosamund Thorup, Frieda Boegershausen, Florence Dutcher, Esther Kelly, Catherine Fratessa, Paula Aron, and Madlyn Pierson. Both the Octet and the Glee Club are practicing songs for the Commencement exercises. They have also sung at the rallies.

We owe much appreciation to Miss Sinclair who has shown unfailing interest in our work.

## Lick Glee Club



The Glee Club has enjoyed a very successful semester. Although most of the members were new and inexperienced, they finished the term in high spirit due to their own diligence and the singing atmosphere of Spring. The exceptional quality of the songs and fine method in which the club delivered them were due to the efforts of Mr. Britton, the sponsor. There were but four veteran members at the beginning of this term; but they are all veterans now, and they have experienced real service in the eyes of the student body.

The members are: Ambrose Legnitto and Stanley Klopstock, first tenors; Edward Haynes, Morten Hocker and Wellesley Watkins, second tenors; Perry Wood, Antone Radetich and Alan Metzger, first basses; and Peter Santina and Randall Temby, second basses.

Santina has served as president this term and has kept the new members in harmony. His capable leadership has been well proved by the entertainments of the Glee Club at our rallies.

The Lick Warblers take this opportunity to thank Mr. Britton for his help and the student body for its support.

## Camera Club



The Camera Club has had another active term. Many Freshmen have joined, and an upper classman was appointed to show each beginner the fundamentals of developing and printing.

The demonstrations this semester, given by Miss Boulware, T. Dunstan, Kruger, Radius and A. Franceschi, were on intensification and reduction of negatives and prints, ferrotyping, sepia and blue toning, portrait work, and the process of making bromoils. The final exhibit should show more advanced results and be one of the best displays in the history of the organization.

The officers for the past semester were H. Dunstan, president; A. Franceschi, vice-president; Bray, secretary; Kruger, treasurer, and Varnhagen, sergeant-at-arms.

## Hicabo Club



With the members of the Hiking, Camera and Botany sections all working together under President Doris Priddle, the Hicabo Club has had a very successful term. The other officers were vice-president, Assunta Grasso; secretary, Charlotte Madden; treasurer, Sara Addleman, and sergeant-at-arms, Viola Young.

Plans were made several times to hold excursions for the purpose of taking pictures and gathering wild flowers; but owing to the bad weather they had to be postponed. However, one very successful hike to Muir Woods was enjoyed by about forty girls and three teachers who went as chaperons. Although it was too cloudy to take many good pictures, the girls interested in Botany had a good chance to gather a number of additions to the collections they are making for the club and for the wild flower album made by everyone taking the science course.

Later in the term the club plans to hold a camera exhibit where pictures, taken and developed by the Camera Section members, will be on display. This is also to be done with the wild flower specimens, gathered, pressed and mounted by the girls interested in Botany.

The club wishes to thank their advisors, Miss Carroll, Miss Fassett and Miss Clark.

## Radio Club



The freshmen were welcomed to the club at the opening rally, and the membership roll immediately increased. During the past semester a special "code class" was organized for beginners in radio mysteries and was conducted by Ashbaugh from twelve-fifteen to twelve-forty. The advanced class was conducted in the morning before school by the sponsor, Mr. Booker.

In this club the members are taught radio theory, or the way each part in a radio set really works. Several of the members, through this class, have succeeded in building their own sets. The members of the advanced class under Mr. Booker went to the Custom House and passed the United States Amateur Radio Examination. To pass this test a member must have a knowledge of the construction and operation of a radio set, and of the laws regarding transmission.

The officers of the club for this term were Ashbaugh, president; Hundley, vice-president; Bollenbach, secretary; Berman, treasurer, and Matjasich, sergeant-at-arms.

## Orchestra



The orchestra, under President Curtis Klopstock, is a hard-working group. In spite of the doubtful harmony heard at practice, it is endeavoring to supply the school with good music, both classical and ultra-modern.

The classical musicians hope to make their debut next year. This form of entertainment may have a refining effect upon the Student Body. Mr. Britton, to whom both the popular and classical orchestra, owe their thanks, feels that they have great possibilities and will continue to be important student body assets.

Regan and Reid are our two new members. The veterans have always worked hard and deserve great credit.

The members are: Patterson and Regan, who manage their balky saxophones with the skill of professionals; Santina and Klopstock, who wander from violin to saxophone; Storek, who plays the only trumpet; Reid, O'Leary, and Engel, who play the violins; Bolton, who is an expert drummer; Stanley Klopstock, the professional banjoist; Burkart, who manages well his unruly trombone, and Sanders and Eichorn, who play the piano.

## Swimming Club



Swimming was one of the major sports at Lux School this year. The officers of the club have worked very hard and deserve a great deal of credit. Lillian DeHay of the 28J Class has presided over the meetings. Frances Farrell, also from 28J, has assisted her as vice-president. From the 29x Class, Fern Ellis is secretary-treasurer of the club and from the 28x Class is Mary Anthony, sergeant-at-arms.

Practically every class is represented in the club, but it needs more members and more support at the swimming meets. Many of the girls who took part in the meet last semester are now in training to participate in the coming events. Miss Carroll, as our advisor, is doing much to help us in our coming swimming events.

In the past semester, Gertrude Horgan, President of the 29x Class has stood with the highest honors, making a name for herself in class and about school in swimming.

Come on girls! Help us to find her a rival!

## Tennis Club



The Lux Tennis Club has enjoyed a most successful term under the guidance of Frances Farrell, 28J. The officers assisting her were Lillian Wood, 29x, vice-president; Eva Noel, 29x, secretary, and Hazel Ayer, 28x, sergeant-at-arms. Miss Carroll has been most helpful in stirring up enthusiasm among the classes. As a result of her efforts the games have been strongly supported.

The girls have come out for tennis in large numbers and have played off for the championship of their classes. Rose O'Donnell was champion of the freshmen, Louise O'Keefe of the sophomores, Frances Canfield of the juniors, and Julia Santuely of the seniors. Rose O'Donnell then played Louise O'Keefe for the lower class championship. Rose O'Donnell, winner, played Frances Canfield, champion of the upper classes. Frances Canfield was declared champion of the school. The semi-finals and final games have been held at omnibus and have been well attended by the members of the classes playing.





## Pen and Ink Club

**T**HE members of the Pen and Ink Club have carried on very diligently the work they began three semesters ago. This work consists mainly of editing the "Tiger's Tale" and learning the various phases of journalism. There was a contest for the best heading for the "Tiger's Tale", which was won by Storek, 27x. His design, which is shown above, will be used for one term.

That there has been a decided interest in the club this year is shown by the large numbers who have wished to join. It has become necessary to take in new members only as old ones leave; this makes membership a real privilege.

There are four students who deserve particular mention: Margaret Baker, B. Rixon, C. Patterson and J. McCauley. Margaret Baker has kept the club records throughout the term in a very commendable manner. Rixon has represented the school on one of the city papers and has done excellent work. Patterson and McCauley have started new columns in the "Tiger's Tale", namely, the Exchange Column and Static. These are new fields in our school paper, but these two very capable editors have started them in such a fashion that they will undoubtedly be permanent additions.

The guiding hand through all these achievements has been Miss Meng. She has devoted much of her time toward making the club what it is. All the members gratefully express their appreciation for the results she has accomplished.

## Stamp Club

The newly formed Stamp Club, under President Frances Farrell, has prospects of becoming one of the popular organizations at Lux. It is open to all interested in stamp collecting. An outline of the term's work was drawn up at the first meeting, the members showing especial interest in establishing a large collection of stamps for the school.


## Archery Club

Under the sponsorship of Mr. French and the guidance of President Varnhagen, the Lick-Wilmerding Archery Club has been organized and has made good progress. Meetings have been held for instruction in the art of making archery equipment, and a schedule of tournaments is eagerly anticipated.



Embers of the fire glowing  
Coals from flames burnt merrily;  
Vision looms and dreams are growing  
Into shades of memory —  
Times when happy girls have gathered  
Round the red bricks charred inside  
Place where graduates have wandered  
Happy hearth where hearts are tied—  
Place where in our fields of dreaming  
Mother has her cozy chair,  
Reading books or seeing visions  
Of her girls returning there --  
Where the big logs that are flaming  
Crackle in a merry song,  
When friends are made and dreams are happy  
Things that help the world along --  
Where the final winter rally  
Is held with many smiles and tears  
And around the fire gather  
Graduates of many years --  
Where each one who leaves that hearthplace  
In joy returns with new desire,  
And takes her inspiration  
From the deep heart of the fire.

## Lux Notes

HE past semester has been one of achievement. The curriculum of the Lux School has been changed so that it fills the present requirements of girls holding industrial positions and prepares them for future endeavors. The girls have been taught to think in business terms and have been advised to look forward and plan for the future. The teachers have recognized the new motive of the school and have worked earnestly to instill this idea into the minds of the students.

Through the work of Miss Fraser, our co-ordinator, a plan similar to that successfully followed in eastern cities has been inaugurated. Business institutions which offer proper conditions have been found very ready to co-operate, and after trying out the plan, now have complete faith in its benefits for education and industry.

The work has been organized into five new groups. The foods group, taking courses in cooking, dietetics and institutional management, has been trained for practical work along commercial lines, and many girls are holding responsible positions in the Post Street Cafeteria.

The textile group, including millinery and sewing, has advocates who have been placed with the Simon Millinery Company, one of the best firms on the Pacific Coast and one which has given a trial to all girls available for the positions. Others interested in these subjects have preferred to use this knowledge in merchandise work in stores.

The girls in the art group have been thoroughly trained and two majors have been placed in the art department of a prominent downtown store, where they will do a great deal of designing and poster work.

The merchandising and salesmanship section is most popular, and a large percentage of the girls have expressed a preference for it. A large number of girls have accepted positions in leading downtown department stores, where they are proving very successful.

During the year fifty-nine positions have been secured for Lux students in addition to many positions secured for graduates. Many graduates, as well as students, have been given helpful advice about their future work.

Meanwhile the other work of the school has gone on apace. The college preparatory course has many entrants who have been capably prepared to progress in the channels of higher education. There are very few girls who have entered neither the college preparatory nor the co-operative industrial groups. The girls enrolled in the school have realized the superior advantages offered and have been quick to grasp the opportunities. We have recognized more than ever before what we owe to our dean, Miss Otto, the guiding spirit of our school.



## Lick Notes

### STONE SHOP.

**T**HE stumbling blocks of the Freshman class are rapidly being plastered into a solid wall of information. Decorative designs in colored cement form some of the less arduous means of manual exercise to which all scrubs object strenuously — not to Mr. Mighall, however. Oh, well, the first hundred years are the hardest, and by the end of the term they actually have an affection for the dust factory. Ask any one of them who has been hanging on to the scaffolding by the bulkhead that holds the oval together. He'll tell you.

### ELECTRIC SHOP.

All the expert wire-winders and radio "sharks" are taken down a peg in Mr. Wright's domain, and shoved up three notches, before they leave the shop. They are exposed to more theory here than in any other shop, and some of it must take, since there is enough practical work around the school for all the brilliant classroom ideas to be supplied with an actual test. The bells still ring.



## MACHINE SHOP.

The lathes may turn and the drills may grind, but still he-who-is-beginning-to-think, the sophomore, pauses in the midst of it all to scratch his head and wonder. Why does an approximately true block have to be distorted by one's own chisel before even an attempt is made to smooth and calm its troubled surfaces? That is adding insult to injury. After a lifetime spent in pursuit of the true plane, the goal of the machinist, with all its interesting phases, is in sight.

## WOOD SHOP.

If Mr. Holmes would not reject so many of the poor high freshmen's exercises, perhaps they would not have so many blocks to toss about behind his back. Then again, perhaps this is the lesser of two evils, and is designed to keep the lowly, who think they are becoming elevated, from interfering with the "Don't Touch" machines of which there are a goodly number around the shop. Evidently the attractive work of the apprentices on these machines is too much for the beauty lovers of 30J, for Mr. French's Algebra class occasionally has no guidance, due to hurry calls from across the hall, when someone goes in for surgery instead of carpentry.

## SHEET METAL AND ELEMENTARY ELECTRIC SHOP

The aroma of burnt wood arises and slowly diffuses itself while the hot copper some amateur tinsmith has left on his desk eats its way toward the nether regions; and the owner, who has been watching the "electricians" blow out fuses, rushes back to snatch up his instrument and receive a gentle reprimand from Mr. Wood. The raucous laughter from a would-be plumber is interrupted at this juncture by the dismay of his companion, on finding that they have broken a die while threading an inch pipe with a three-quarter inch die. The bell rings, and instead of dropping their tools and running, these students file out in an orderly procession.

## AUTO SHOP.

Auto shop shows a more presentable scene, as it is frequented by apprentices who take their work to heart, and do their best. Mr. Peifer sees to that. Scorning to answer the jests of the passers-by, who protest that perfectly good automobiles are being incapacitated, they continue to grind valves and do all sorts of repair jobs. In odd moments they take apart the stock Ford and put it together again for the nine hundred and ninety-seventh time.

## ENGLISH.

The wonders and mysteries of applied grammar. The seniors' heads are beginning to ache with the thought of what is before them. As lower classmen under Mrs. Woodland and Miss Meng, they thought that they had been thoroughly drilled in grammar, and had acquired some smattering of it when studying the classics. Now Miss Boeke has informed them that all this hard-won knowledge — and more besides — must be applied to their writings, or they need never expect to pass the "English A," or to become writers like those whom they are studying. Oh, woeful days!

## TRIGONOMETRY.

To add to the dismay of the seniors, Mr. Booker insists that calling a cosine a sine cannot be classed as a slip of the tongue, and that no matter how original they may be, it avails them not; they must actually learn what the "old-timers" thought of the laws they christened as Trigonometry.

## PHYSICS IV.

While waiting for the lunch bell to ring, the study of light, sound and color phenomena is being taken up to while away the time by a select few upper classmen. Mr. Britton occasionally gives them a little assistance in their endeavors, whereupon they almost forget to eat, sitting in open-mouthed wonder — but not silent by any means.

## HISTORY

All these other things have to be done in spare time, snatched from the preparation of History reports for Mrs. Woodland. In between reading weighty tomes that go into the makeup of an article on various little known facts of American history, both senior classes proceed with the study of more established facts, as presented by a recognized historian.

## MECHANICAL DRAWING.

The Mechanical Drawing Room is a busy place, what with the lower classmen rushing madly about trying to borrow enough erasers to eradicate the mistakes it seems they will never conquer, and the apprentices busily working under Mr. Heymann's direction, and working under their own in his absence, settling weighty problems of public interest.

## FREEHAND DRAWING.

We learn by our mistakes, or at least, so we learn in the Freehand department. All through pencil, ink, and color work, Miss Boulware corrects our mistakes. When that is done, it remains to be seen if the talent is present to do the pen and ink work, and the posters for commercial art of the apprentices.

## CHEMISTRY.

More and yet more chemistry is being scattered and broadcast as broken test tubes in Mr. Tibbetts' chemistry laboratory, where the apprentices are beginning to find out how much they don't know, while the sophomores, who are taking the preliminary course, are beginning to think they know it all, after all they have absorbed.

# SPORTS



# LW BASKET BALL

G. STACEY  
~COACH~

~CAPTAIN~  
E. COPE  
~CENTER~

B. GILMORE  
~GUARD~

E. LAMBERT  
~FORWARD~

## 145 <sup>lb</sup> 'CHAMPS'

E. GARAVATTI  
~GUARD~

R. DURR  
~FORWARD~

C. SCHEFLIN  
~FORWARD~



## Basketball



UE to the lack of heavyweight material, we entered only two teams this spring into the A. A. A.—the 130 lb. team and the 145 lb. team. The 30's were scheduled to play with Commerce, Mission, and St. Ignatius, respectively. None of the scores of the three games were in our favor, and the results outwardly showed us to be rather unsuccessful. Well, such was the case; but those who saw this team play knew they were from Lick because of their unfailing fight and determination even in sight of certain defeat. There was, unquestionably, no flashy or outstanding talent on which to build a team; but through the efforts of Coach Stacey and the team itself, a marked improvement was apparent at the close of the season. The 130 lb. team consisted of "Mell" Bynon, Herrick Crabb, "Spike" Haas, "Jim" Fralin, "Tanko" Temby, Harry Gunetti, Niels Iverson, and Ernest Gomez.

However, it is not the usual thing to have defeats and victories dealt out in solid lots. So having accepted the 30's defeats as the limit of our share, the 145 lb. team scored the required number of victories to even up the matter and—win the championship. Therefore it is with much pleasure and pride that we review the 45's record.

Conditions were far more favorable for making a championship team out of the 145 lb. candidates than from the 130 lb. group. There were more fellows turning out for the 45's; some of the players who had been on the teams last year were of "all star" material and nearly all of them had some experience. Furthermore, Coach Stacey gave most of his time to the development of the 45's.

The 145 lb. team had several pre-season practice games which were quite important. We won the first practice game from St. Vincent's, Vallejo, by a score of 21-20. Since this was St. Vincent's first defeat in fifteen games, we at once looked for big things from the 45's. They next travelled to Marin County to play Tamalpais High, and again "brought home the bacon". Our next and last practice game, before the city league opened, was with Mission's unlimiteds. We won this game, 35-31, only after two extra periods had been played. It was a hard fought and tight game all the way through.

On February 9 we met our first A. A. A. opponent, Sacred Heart. The fellows were all pepped up and by good team work won 26-13. This victory gave them much confidence, and it also showed about how we would stand in the A. A. A. Elmo Cope, the newly elected captain, and Bob Durr, a new man in the school, were the outstanding players.

We were scheduled to play Mission's 45's for our next game, but for some reason or other they forfeited the game which of course meant another official victory for us. In the place of this a return practice game was arranged with Mission's unlimiteds. This time we lost 21-26, and it was probably the best thing for us. The hardest game of the season was predicted as our next—with St. Ignatius. This game also gave the 45's a chance to practice their new plays in good competition after the first game; and consequently, it disclosed our weak points. We managed to keep about a two point lead all the way through, but several times St. Ignatius evened the score and then we drew away again by several points. The whole team rose to the occasion and played very brilliant basketball in all departments of the game to the last second—to win by the score, 29-27. Bob Durr was high point man. When it can be said that this game was as exciting as a football game, there is no need for further explanation.

This victory and the interval of two weeks before our next game seemed to have a good deal to do with our showing against Galileo. We had no more than been elevated to being called the unquestionable 145-pound champions than we took a sudden drop which apparently seemed to put us out of the race. However, the 20-27 defeat by Galileo served only to complicate the league into a big tie so far as our standing was concerned. In this game the fellows clearly showed they were over-confident and too cocky. They seemed not only to have forgotten how to sink baskets, but they were also poor at passing the ball down the court. Nevertheless, we were ahead at half time by a fairly good lead. Very shortly Captain Cope was ruled off the floor with four personal fouls. This greatly disheartened the fellows, and Galileo quickly tied the score then and took the lead. Durr next followed Cope's fate and with him went our last hope of a victory. In the last two minutes our fellows rallied and it looked as though the score might be tied, but the time was too short. It is not our custom to make excuses, but everyone will agree, who saw the game, that many of the referee's decisions could not be complimented.

Our deadly rivals were next in order — Lowell. We made our revenge sweet by "taking them down the line" 38-22. Our fellows were continually making the score-board jump up two points throughout the whole game; but still it was not a fast game, though at times there were exciting moments. Lick displayed the old "Tiger Spirit" and determination for the full forty-eight minutes to make it a hard fought game. Cope was the outstanding star.

The last game for us in the 145-pound tournament proved to be very important. The league standing at this time was such that if we lost to Polytechnic, four schools would be tied for first place; but if we won from Poly, we would win the



championship at the same time. We certainly made a poor showing in the first half, for there did not seem to be much teamwork and no one had the ability to shoot any baskets. At half time we were trailing by several points. The starting whistle for the second half called forth an entirely different playing quintet than had left the floor a few minutes before. They came back fighting mad and soon evened up the score. There was one real battle here for a few minutes until we had led the score by a few points. The final score read 30 points for Lick against the 23 points for Poly. Captain Cope was the high point man, but Garavatti was decidedly the most consistent player.

Inasmuch as Lick has waited ten years for another 145-pound basketball championship, we should now not be limited in our praise and demonstration for the new 1927 "45 Champs".



## Swimming



OUR interclass swimming meet was held on March 19. The resulting points were: '27—51, '28—74, '29—25, and '30—8. Twenty-eight carried the meet by a large score and the other classes followed in the order of their seniority.

The winners were:

- 100 yards—Albot.
- 220 yards—Baggenstos.
- 440 yards—Baggenstos.
- 50 yards—Baggenstos.
- 50 yards, 130 pounds—Bell.
- 50 yards, back stroke—Grundy.
- 100 yards, breast stroke—Radius.
- 150 yards, 130 pounds—Bell.
- Diving—Lahusen.
- Plunge—Gilmore.
- Relay, unlimited—'28.
- 50 yards, 110 pounds—Jacobs.
- 100 yards, 110 pounds—Lahusen.
- Relay, 130 pounds—'27.
- Relay, 110 pounds—'28.

The members that have been picked to represent the school in the Academic Athletic Association are: Baggenstos, Bell, Spear, Dubkoff, Grundy, Hurley, Lahusen, Jacobs, Radius, Sullivan, and Temby.





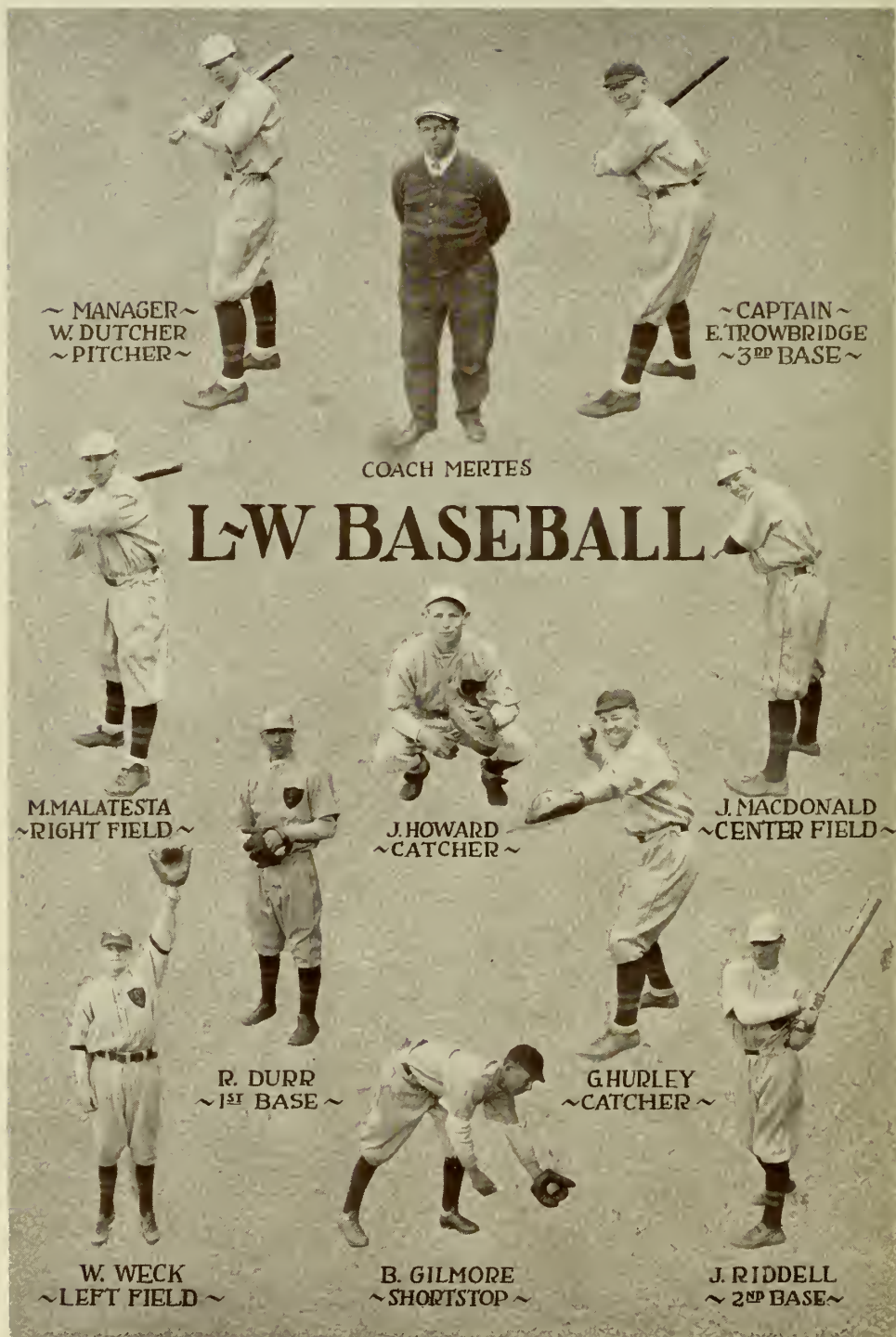
## Tennis

**U**NUSUAL interest in tennis has been shown at Lick this term. Early in the term a tournament was attempted. Although much interest was shown, and many signed up, the fellows were too slow in playing off their contests to qualify for the school team. However, the best tennis players in the school were already apparent. From these, six were chosen to represent Lick in the A. A. A.; three in the 130-pound class and three in the unlimited division.

Just before the strenuous practice meets with other schools, while the team was beginning to round into perfect form, Lick was dealt a severe blow when Gene Mires, 130-pound racket wielder, was declared ineligible for A. A. A. competition. Nevertheless, the squad went on practicing for a meet with San Mateo scheduled for Saturday, April 23, and for the A. A. A. series, determined to make up in quality what they had lost in numbers.

In the A. A. A., hopes for a singles championship soon faded, but in the doubles Lick showed up well. In the 130-pound class Haas and Irvine worked up to the finals and met Lowell for the championship. In the unlimited division Bray and Ashbaugh met Poly for the championship. Both Lick teams lost only after hard fighting.

The members of the teams in the 130-pound class were Captain E. Haas, who has represented Lick for three years; V. Irvine, a new man who plays exceptionally well in doubles, and G. Mires, another new man who should show up well in the future. The unlimiteds were J. Ashbaugh, an experienced player; H. Bray, Ashbaugh's partner in the doubles, and E. Haynes, a singles player who is hard to beat.



## Baseball



THE interclass contests started the baseball season off with a great deal of pep. The student-body showed much enthusiasm over these unusually close games. The class of '27 defeated the freshmen, and the juniors qualified for the finals by trouncing the sophomores. In the finals, '27 beat '28 by a 10-2 score.

Following the interclass, daily practices were held at Southside. Mr. Mertes, our new coach, soon whipped together a snappy outfit, despite the loss of such players as Rodgers, Olmo, J. Hurley, and Fifield through graduation or ineligibility. The value of practice games had been realized, and the team was put through an intensive preparatory season.

The first practice contest was with Portola Junior High. The team was slow to get started, but managed to keep the score to a 3-3 tie. In a second game with Portola a tie was again the result, this time 5-5. After this the team traveled to Berkeley for a game with the California Freshmen, who beat our representatives 11-7. Though they had not yet won a game, the team was gaining valuable experience.

Traveling to Marin County the following week, the Lick aggregation played their fourth practice game with Marin Junior College. The teams were "rained out" in the sixth inning, with the score then 8-4 in Marin's favor. Still hopeful, the team journeyed to San Rafael the following Saturday for a game with San Rafael High School. Lick refused to accept defeat, and battled to an 8-8 tie in true Tiger fashion. Portola Junior High, whom Lick had tied twice before, still yearned for Tiger meat, and was given its chance in the last game before the opening of the A. A. A. season. Lick broke the slump and "took Portola into camp" by a 5-3 score.

In our first A. A. A. game, with Mission during the Easter vacation, the Tigers were not given much student-body support, and lost a loose game, 14-4. Although the score against us was large, the Lick team's true strength was not brought out. The whole team seemed to suffer from stage fright.

Two weeks after the Mission game the Tigers came back to show their claws to Lowell in a practice game, and won by a score of 5-4. This was the most heartening score of the season, and showed a little of what the team could do on occasion. The rest of the A. A. A. season consisted of games with St. Ignatius, Galileo, and Commerce, the outcome of which is not yet known.



The Lick team this year was composed of :

Trowbridge (Captain) — Pitcher ; third base.

Dutcher — Pitcher.

Edwin McCormack — Shortstop.

John Howard — Catcher.

Sherbakoff — Second base.

J. Riddell — First base.

George Hurley — Catcher.

Nystrom — Outfield.

Manuel — Pitcher.

Howatt — Pitcher.

Crabb — Left field.

Ben Gilmore — Shortstop.

MacDonald — Center field.

Weck — Left field.

Credit is due to Coach Mertes for turning out a representative team. He had very little material to mold into shape, most of last year's team having been lost to the school through graduation and other causes.





## Lux Volleyball

Buz-z-z —ting-a-ling!!!

"Hello! . . . Yes . . . What? . . . Oh, really? Well, how are you? . . . Yes, the school's still here. No one's succeeded in walking off with it yet. . . . All right, 'lend me your ears' and I'll tell you all about it. You know volleyball is a new sport at Lux. . . . Yes. . . . Well, listen. — Five classes out of eight went out for volleyball. Those five classes had sixteen captains. . . . Prepared? I'll say they were! . . . The freshmen—that's the 30j class, you know—won. They certainly have plenty of fight and enthusiasm. . . . The captains were Aberdich, Bass, Brekle, Daly, Ellis, Ehlers, Egger, Garguile, Horgan, Noel, O'Donnell, Pagonis, Reger, Skinner, Venturi and Wilkins. There were no seniors, if you notice. . . . It's a fine game for developing eyes, arms, feet, and mind. I'm sorry more girls haven't gone out for it, but next year there will probably be more. . . . Bye-bye. See you later."



## Senior Track

**S**PRING is here! So is the track season, but something seems to be missing when it comes to Lick's unlimited track team. There was very little material from which to build a team and most of it green. However, with the few that there were and by Mr. Tibbitts' aid we made quite a creditable showing; and a good deal of credit is due them. In their first practice meet they lost to Mission by only about twenty points. Since Mission clearly out-numbered us, and in several events we even had no one entered, it can be said that we did very well. The next dual meet was with the Commerce heavyweights, and this we won by a large score. Except for the dashes, which were very close, there was not much excitement to this meet.

In the sprints we have Durr, Cope, McGowan and Peterson. It has been some time since we had any really fast men in the dashes, but we are looking for big things from these four fellows. In the 440 and 880, McKay, Temby, and C. Schefflin are doing their bit. McKay was chosen on the city high school team to meet with the Stanford Freshman, and we are counting on him in the A. A. A. meet this May to repeat his winning performances of last year. In the mile run Dubkoff and Daniel have been putting their endurance qualities to good use. Miller, Peterson, Hurley and Kubicek have all been making good distances in the weight events. The "kangaroos" who have been representing us in the high and broad jumps are Radetich, Madieros and McGowan.



## Junior Track

**T**HERE has been keen competition in our lightweight track team this season from the very start. The interclass meet clearly showed that when the final score read 59 points for '27, 44 points for '30, and 39 and 31 points for '28 and '29, respectively.

It seems that our Junior team has had about the same success as in previous years. What material we had was of a high order, but a number of winners with scarcely any second and third place scorers cannot get a team very far. Commerce served as our first test in outside competition. We handily won this meet by  $77\frac{1}{2}$  to  $54\frac{1}{2}$  points. A rather decisive defeat, 44-94, was next handed us in a dual meet with Lowell. Notwithstanding the score, this was a very fast, close and exciting meet.

The array of talent on our Junior track team might be classed as follows: In the 100 lb. class we have a fast bunch of fellows in M. Trowbridge, F. Hazlewood, B. Benson, and E. Peterson. Our 110 lb. group ranks very high in comparison with those "tens" of other schools. Stanley Klopstock has made 19 feet several times this year in the broad-jump, and our hopes are high for him for a record breaking performance when the A. A. A. meet comes around. The others in that weight are H. Reid, C. Klopstock, J. Nichols, and F. Reilly. The 120 lb. division seems to be led by Manager Kot who has been in the habit of winning the high-jump and most of his races. He is ably supported by such "speed burners" as Taylor, Wolfenden and Crabb. In the 30's, Storek, Hocker, Santana, Bynon, and Gunetti are the ones who generally break into the score column.





## Lux Baseball

April 13—I, Betty Lou, am starting a sport diary. I shall enter only the games — they are more interesting.

Monday, April 18—The high freshmen, 30J, are grouped into two divisions for baseball. This is because so many girls came out for the sport that one team was not sufficient. The "A" section played the "B". "B" won.

Tuesday, April 19—This morning the high sophs played. Again two teams from the same class opposed each other. The 29J "A's" defeated the 29J "B's".

At 3:36 I heard a bat crack. Whew! The 28J team was playing 28x. The game wasn't as thrilling as the others had been. 28J won.

Wednesday, April 20—At noon the 29J team fought it out with 29x. The latter won. Game not so peppy. The classes did not support it well.

Thursday, April 21—30J "B" had it out with 30x at noon and won. Both teams did some great playing!

27x — last year's champs — keen team — who have lots of pep and are fine sports, defeated 28J after school. The losers put up a stiff fight. Fine game!

Friday, April 22—30J "B" and 29x fought out the lower-class supremacy. 30J "B" won. These "scrubs" certainly know how.

Monday, April 25—Final game! Big crowd! Admission free! Game played at omnibus, 30J "B" vs. 27x. Runs! Yells! Suspense! Final score, 13-10, with the "scrubs" holding the long end. Splendid sportsmanship displayed on both sides. This was the last game of the term.



## Lux Awards

### BASKETBALL

#### *BLOCKS*

Helen Botey  
Doris Jameson  
Frances Canfield  
Lillian DeHay  
Carol Berg  
Freida Boegershausen  
Madlyn Pierson  
Lillian Mallon  
Norma Lastrucci  
Helen Norton

#### *STARS*

Lillian Heinrichs  
Julia Carlson  
Mary Hopkins

### BASEBALL

#### *BLOCKS*

Frances Lewis  
Edwina Fagan  
Frances Farrell  
Viola Young  
Clara Hoadley  
Edith Hanson  
Assunta Grasso  
Ellen Buhman

#### *STARS*

Dorothy Queirolo  
Florence Knowles  
Frances Nettle  
Florence Dutcher  
Jula Samuely  
Lillian Heinrichs

### *LIFE BLOCKS*

#### ART

Florence Taylor

#### LITERARY

Ruth Cummings  
Jula Samuely

# Lick Wilmerding Awards

## BLOCKS

### FOOTBALL

Lausten  
Donovan  
Hurley, J.  
Hurley, G.  
Daniel  
McKay  
Fedeli, N.  
Fedeli, D.  
Johnson  
Slepnikoff

Jones  
Baader  
Dubkoff, G.  
Peavy  
Curry  
Steel  
Santina  
Spear  
Thompson  
Ashbaugh

Temby  
Peterson, J.  
Nichols, H.  
Daver  
Sonne  
Haas  
Garavatti  
Howard  
Cope

### BASKETBALL

Cope  
Durr  
Garavatti

Lambert  
Gilmore, B.  
Gilmore, M.

Shellin  
Haynes

## SCRIPT BLOCKS

### FOOTBALL

McGowan

Macdonald

Wise

### BASKETBALL

Rich

Bray

## LIFE BLOCKS

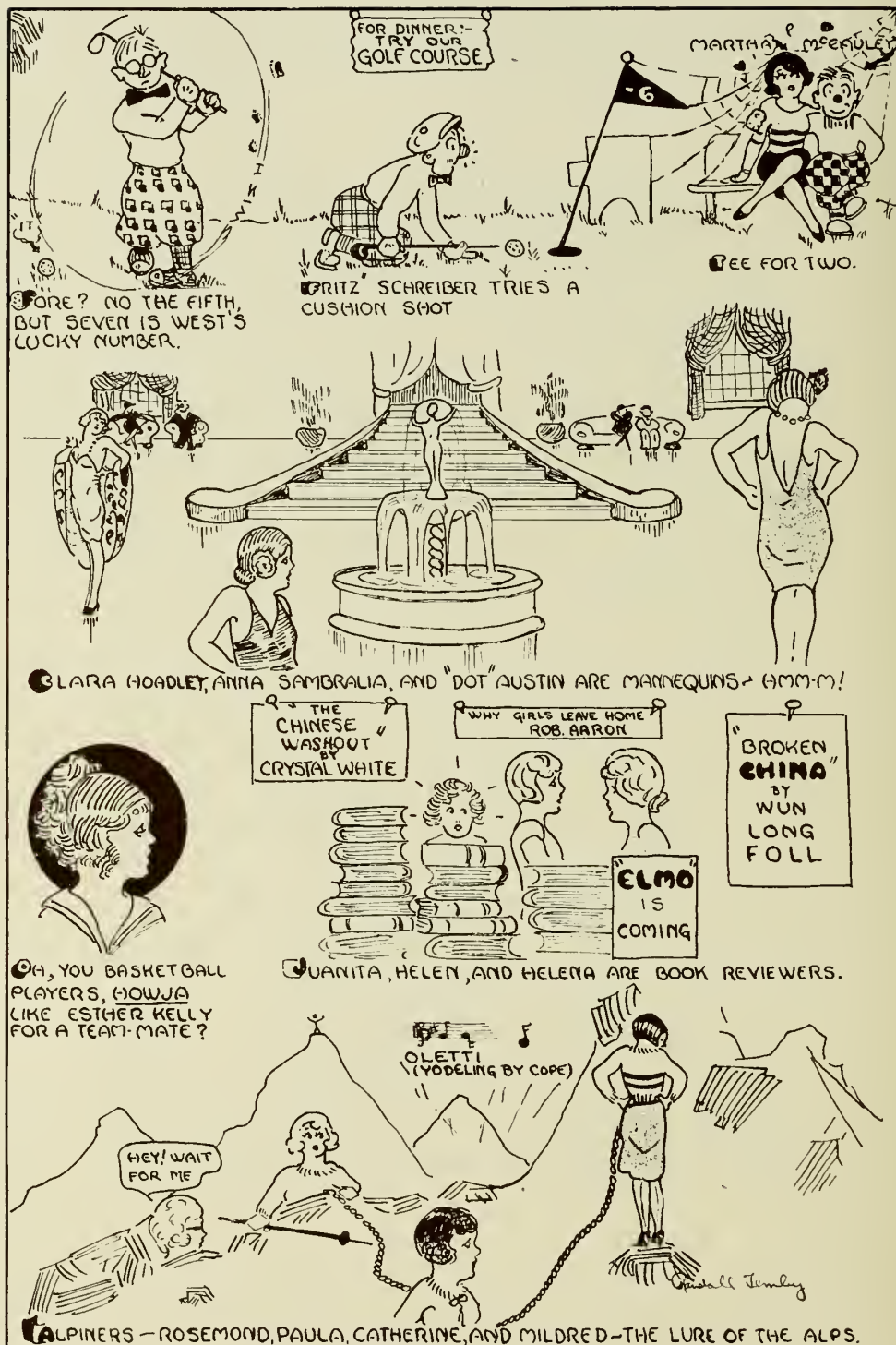
### ART

Lange, E.  
Peterson, J.

### LITERARY

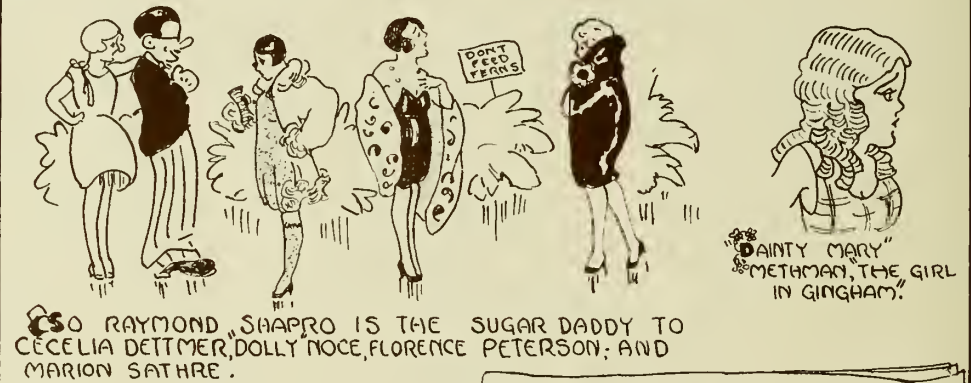
Nichols, J.  
McDonald, J.

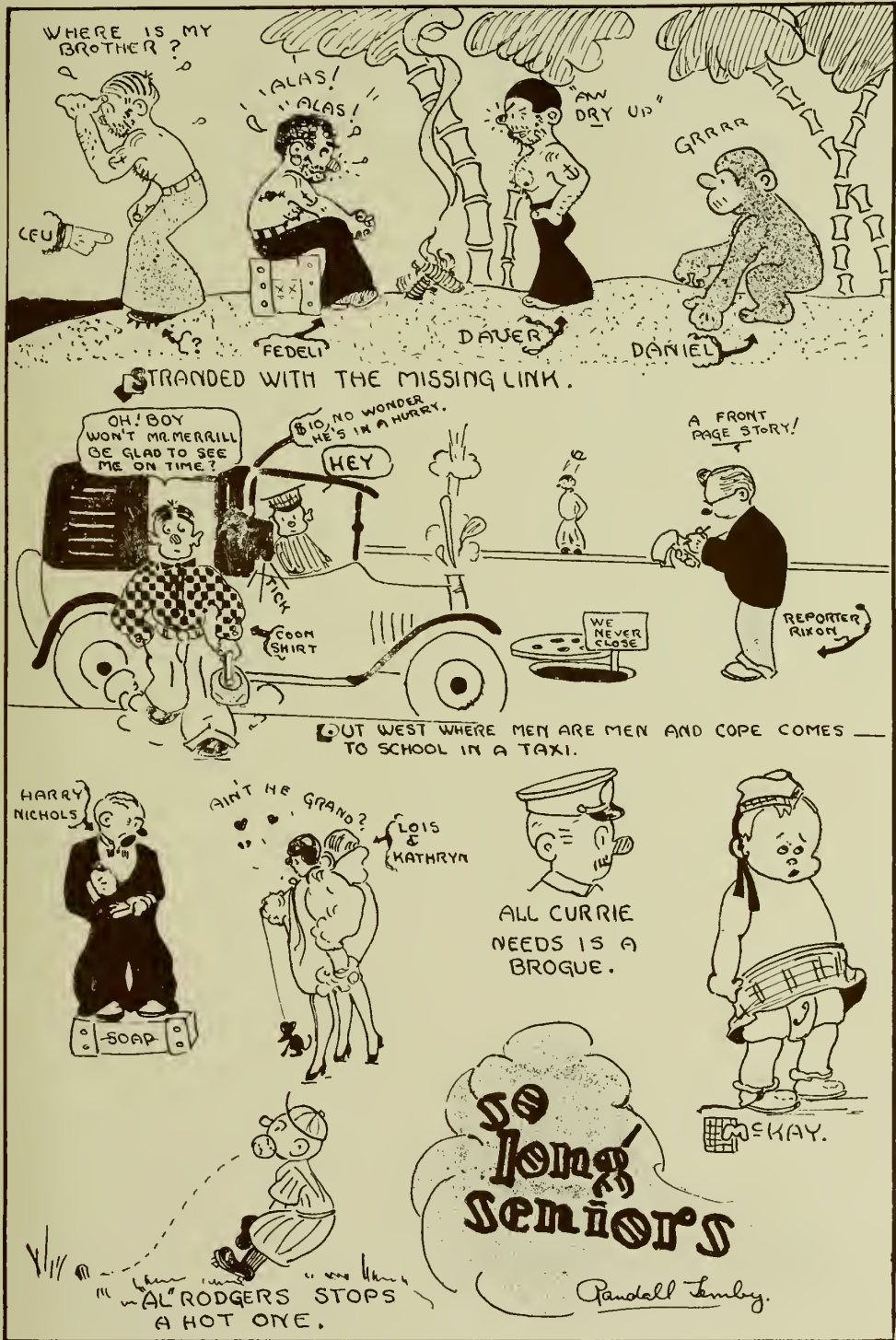














## Jokes

There was a young fellow named Hall,  
Who fell in the spring, in the fall

'Twould have been a sad thing  
Had he died in the spring,  
But he didn't, he died in the fall.

\* \* \*

Mr. French: "You can't sleep in this class."

John Smith: "I know it — been trying to for the last half hour."

\* \* \*

An ad in a western newspaper was as follows: "Mr. Gerald Allen, Jr., Personal Escorter. Tots and Kiddies took to school and returned prompt in perfect condition if received that way. Military discipline. Rates 25c per week. Speshoil rates for twins. Refined conversashun. No extra charge for nose wipin. All I ast is a trial."

\* \* \*

### TAKING A CHANCE

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what did Sir Walter Raleigh say when he placed his cloak on the muddy road for the beautiful queen to walk over?"

Willie, the ultra-modern, gazed about the classroom in dismay. Then taking a long chance, said, "Step on it, kid."

\* \* \*

The average boy prefers the country tanning to the tanning he gets at home.

\* \* \*

Scotchey McKay: "You know, Cecelia, I always throw myself into any job I undertake."

Cecelia (sweetly): "How splendid! Why don't you dig a well?"

There was a young fellow named Stout.

On the day that the cards came out  
He took a good look,  
Put the card in his book  
And went home by the longest route.

\* \* \*

One thing you can say for Bynon's flivver: It rattles before it strikes.

\* \* \*

Parson: "You love to go to Sunday School, don't you, my boy?"

"Scotchey": "Yes, sir."

Parson: "What do you expect to learn today?"

"Scotchey": "The date of the picnic."

\* \* \*

Schreiber is still trying to find out the date of the War of 1812, and when the law of gravity was passed.

\* \* \*

Miss Boeke: "Give the periods and corresponding works of Milton's life."

Lillian Mallon: "Shortly after marriage he wrote 'Paradise Lost'; then his wife died and he wrote 'Paradise Regained'."

\* \* \*

Evelyn Arata: "What is your brother in college?"

Temby: "A halfback."

Evelyn: "I mean in his studies."

Temby: "Oh! He's away back."

\* \* \*

"My dear young lady," said Miss Otto, as she listened to Florence tear off some of the latest jazz on the piano, "have you ever heard of the Ten Commandments?"

"Whistle the tune," answered Florence, "and I think I can follow you."



## Jokes

Miss Armitstead: "Dorothy, can you tell me how much food value there is in dates?"

Dorothy Austin: "It depends upon whom you have them with."

\* \* \*

Miss Ellsworth: "Jula, what is a solution?"

Jula (waking up): "Oh—er—an answer to a problem."

\* \* \*

Wanted: A room for a man without bath for six months.

\* \* \*

Jula Samuely: "Is the editor in?"

Office Boy: "No."

Jula: "Well, just throw these stories that I wrote in the waste basket for him, won't you?"

\* \* \*

Shapro: "Say, Claire, how old are you?"

Claire Cook: "I said I was eighteen."

Shapro: "How old are you now?"

\* \* \*

Mrs. Thorup: "At any rate, professor, you must admit that there is a great deal of feeling about my daughter's playing."

Prof. Britton: "Truly, madam, a great deal of feeling—about for the right notes."

\* \* \*

Miss Meng: "How do you like your journalism course?"

Rixon: "Oh, it is all 'write'."

Hartwig: "Hear about the Scotchman who just went insane?"

Schreiber: "No; what was the matter?"

Hartwig: "He bought a score card and neither team scored."

\* \* \*

Mr. Britton: "Can you explain wireless telegraphy to me, Nichols?"

Harry: "Well, if you had a very long dog, reaching from San Francisco to Chicago, and you stepped on its tail in San Francisco, it would bark in Chicago. That's telegraphy, and wireless is precisely the same, only without the dog."

\* \* \*

### NOW HAD HE?

There was once a bonnie Scotch laddie  
Who said, as he put on his plaidie:

"I've juist had a dish

O' unco' guid fish."

Now what had he had?

He had had haddie.

\* \* \*

Bass: "I'm going to sue my English teacher for libel."

Fedeli: "Why?"

Bass: "She wrote on my English paper, 'You have bad relations and antecedents'."

\* \* \*

Santina: "Is the clock running?"

Freshman: "No; it's standing still, wagging its tail."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Smith: "Son, why didn't you get your wrists clean when you washed your hands?"

Red Smith: "The soap wasn't long enough."

## Jokes

### SO WHY STUDY?

The more you study — the more you know,

The more you know — the more you forget,

The more you forget — the less you know.

So why study?

The less you study — the less you know.

The less you know — the less you forget.

The less you forget — the more you know.

So why study?

\* \* \*

Miss Meng: "Name a collective noun."

Reid: "Ash can."

\* \* \*

Lois Detjen: "I hear that a book is to be given as first prize in the cooking contest."

Cecelia Dettner: "Yes, what's the name of the book?"

Lois: "First Aid to the Injured."

\* \* \*

Appleton: "Can you swim?"

Hocker: "I don't know."

Appleton: "Why not?"

Hocker: "I always sink before I can find out."

\* \* \*

Nichols: "Au revoir!"

McCauley: "What's that?"

Nichols: "That's 'good-bye' in French."

McCauley: "Carbolic acid!"

Nichols: "What's that?"

McCauley: "That's 'good-bye' in any language."

Boys will be boys until they are seventeen, and then they want to be sheiks.

\* \* \*

Mr. Britton: "Daver, you are not doing anything. The Devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and I will give you some work."

\* \* \*

Mr. Tibbetts: "What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

Cope: "Why, ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests."

\* \* \*

Julia: "I suppose you read Shakespeare?"

West: "Oh, yes, I read all his books as soon as they come out."

\* \* \*

Gilmore: "When was beef the highest?"

Olmo: "When the cow jumped over the moon."

\* \* \*

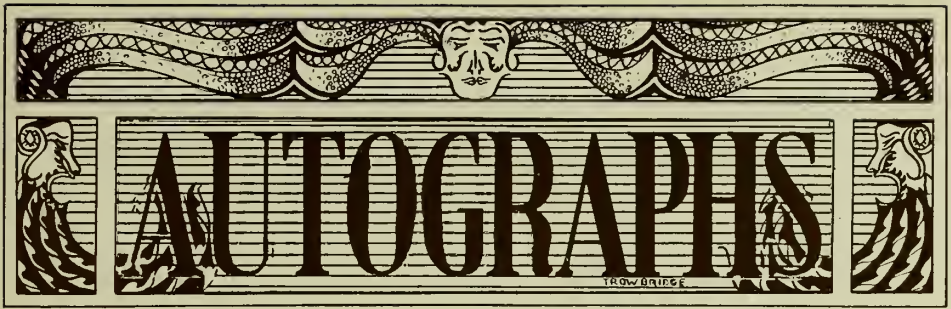
Mr. Britton should have called his little girl Virginia — 'cause she is such a little creeper.

\* \* \*

A mountain school teacher corrected a boy who had said, "I ain't gwine thar."

"That's no way to talk. Listen: I am not going there, thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yessur; they ain't nobody gwine."



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